



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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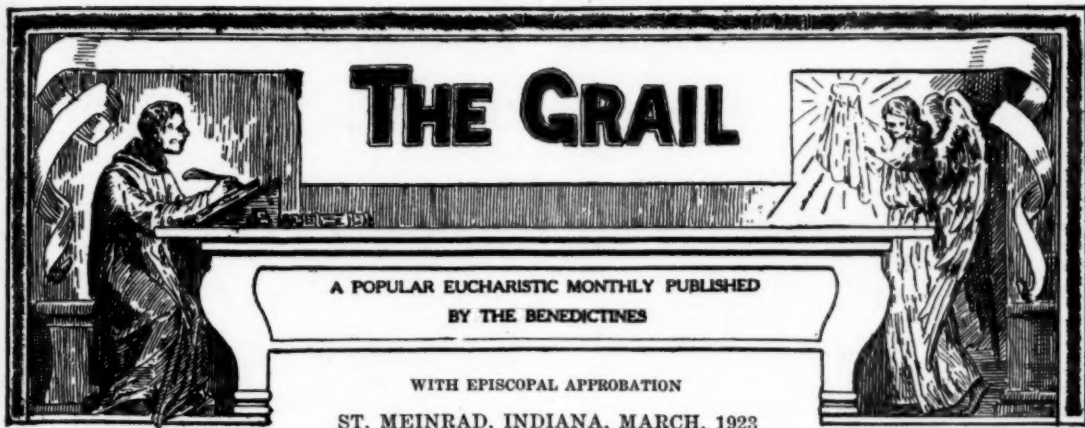
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## A new Home for the Grail

The mechanical department of THE GRAIL, which represents an outlay of possibly \$30,000, is housed temporarily in a frame structure until such time as we shall be able to erect a fireproof building. We cherish the hope, too, of being some day in position to increase the size of our paper without, however, increasing the subscription price, and to give it an attractive colored cover. Our friends are invited to continue to help us by their generous contributions that we may the sooner attain these objects which we have at heart. We deeply appreciate all the help that has thus far been given towards the "Grail Building Fund."



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### A Lowering Cloud with Silver Lining

A certain gloom hangs over us during the season of penance. We fast, abstain from meat, refrain from wonted pleasures, spend less time in idle visits and gossiping and more in prayer; we make greater efforts to curb our passions, appear more frequently at Church to pray, to hear the word of God, and to frequent the sacraments. By these penitential works we endeavor to atone for our sins and make our souls worthy, in as far as we are able, of the grace of God. Lent recalls the forty days' fast of the Savior as well as the bitter passion and death that He endured for our sakes.

During the month of March, which brings Lent to a close this year, we again in spirit contemplate the Savior offering His life to His Heavenly Father for the salvation of mankind. We behold Him in earnest prayer, in agony with great drops of blood oozing from every pore of His sacred body; we see Him scourged at the pillar, clad in mock derision as king, crowned with thorns, ridiculed, spit upon, staggering beneath the heavy weight of the cross, dying on the tree of the cross. He does not complain, although He does not deserve harsh treatment; He does not cast His tormentors into the bottomless pit, although it is in His power to do so. He bears all with patience out of love for us. His mission is to save souls.

The last week of the month, which is Holy Week, is the most sacred season of the whole year, for it records the most memorable drama of all time, the passion and death of the Son of God. What Christian can consider all the events that are crowded into this one week and remain unmoved by what transpires?

The Passion according to St. Mathew, which we hear read on Palm Sunday, reminds us what our Savior suffered to redeem us from the bonds of Satan and to prepare for us a place of eternal happiness in heaven. On Thursday we partake of the Sacred Banquet of His Body and Blood, a precious legacy bequeathed to us at the Last Supper. Throughout that day and night we worship Him at the altar of reposition in the Eu-

charist. Then dawns Friday, the saddest in the memory of man. The sacred liturgy of this day fills us with compassion for Him who died on the cross out of excessive love for us. We are touched with compunction and moved to sorrow at the thought of the share we have had in this most terrible of deeds, the crucifixion of Him who was both God and man. It was because of our sins that Jesus suffered Himself to be put to death. It was His will to make atonement for sin and thus appease His Heavenly Father in whose displeasure we were. He laid down His life for us. Greater love than this no man hath.

Saturday sees the prophecies of the Old Law fulfilled. The blessing of new fire, typical of the love of God for us, and of the Easter Candle, figurative of Christ, are the first of the ceremonies performed. Then follow the reading of the prophecies, the blessing of baptismal water, the chanting of the litany of All Saints, and finally, the glorious Resurrection Mass.

The risen Savior showed Himself first to Mary, His Mother, whose intense grief was without bounds; Mary Magdalen saw Him; He appeared to Peter. Truly Christ was risen from the dead. Holy liturgy catches the strain of gladness. Mid trumpet peal and sweet melody the mighty organs peal forth the joyful Alleluja while the Church celebrates the glorious Resurrection Mass on Saturday.

The lowering cloud is lifted. Its silver lining reflects upon this sinful earth the splendor of the risen God.

### "That They all may be One"

The Last Supper was over. Jesus had said to Judas: "That which thou dost, do quickly." The traitor had gone forth to make preparations for the betrayal of his Master. Jesus remained to give the Apostles His final instructions. He then prayed for them as well as for all those who through their word should believe in Him: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one with us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."



The touching scenes of Holy Week recall vividly to our minds that the gift of faith, which we have received, is an inestimable treasure, that every human soul is precious in the sight of God, for each has been purchased at the price of the Blood of the Savior. Out of gratitude for so great a gift we should manifest at least some zeal for the salvation of our non-Catholic and non-Christian fellow men, who number about one billion 386 million. One of the simplest, and I dare say, most efficacious, means to come to their assistance is to be found in the "International Eucharistic League under the Guidance of the Holy Ghost for the union of Christendom."

The object of the International Eucharistic League, which was founded in September, 1920, is threefold: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to the Church of all non-Catholics; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians. When these are all united, then will be answered the Savior's prayer—"that they all may be one." Are not you, dear reader, willing to do your share to help the Savior to carry out this desire of His?

The means proposed to accomplish this great object are most simple. Members of the League are asked to make a brief daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world. This offering they may make in their own words, if they choose. Moreover, members are asked to offer up for the intention of the League an occasional Mass that they attend and an occasional Holy Communion that they receive. What conditions could be easier or more simple? Remember that the League asks no fees or dues, nor does it take up collections for the missions, it is a League of prayer and good works. However, in order to pay current expenses, such as postage, printing, etc., a small alms is acceptable at the time of admission.

Join this Eucharistic crusade that all men may be one. Do not side with the traitor Judas, by your indifference and inactivity, but be one of the faithful apostles and help to spread the kingdom of God on earth. The more highly you prize the gift of faith the more earnestly you will labor to spread it and make it known. For admission to the League apply at once to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana. Let this be one of your Lenten good works. It is not yet too late.

## TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

### St. Joseph's Message

It is certainly useless to remind most Catholics that the 19th of March is the Feast of St. Joseph. His name has been the consoling watchword for those in need; and a fervent prayer to him in the time of dis-

stress has meant as much as to say that if our petition is not granted now, it is a sure sign that God's Providence judges it not good for ourselves to have it answered.

But apart from the renewal of our love and confidence on each recurring feast of Christ's foster father, the 19th of March this year should bring us a special message, a message to the family whose life nowadays is so dangerously threatened, and a message to us American Catholics who form part of the universal Church, which has St. Joseph as its special patron.

So when we rejoice this year on our beloved Patron's feast day, we should think again and seriously of the Holy Family of Nazareth of which he was father and head, and resolve that in our own family, too, there shall reign that peace and unity and obedience and love of the holy precincts of home that prevailed in that ever-blessed Family of Joseph's. Let us thank God that at least in the truly Catholic home that ideal of the family, held forth to us by the Holy Family, is still upheld, that it is, as it should be, an institution of God, sacramental and holy, to multiply the people of God and to fill the vacant choirs of heaven.

Then, too, we must renew our trust and fervor in the Church's Patron during these days when our American Church and schools are being so grievously harassed by enemies secret and open. And take courage in knowing that, like all the storms of 1900 years of persecution, this too will pass on, leaving us more purified, united, and strengthened in God.

### The Lord's Day

It is, no doubt, an edifying, if not often mystifying sight for non-Catholics to see our churches on Sunday morning filled several times by throngs of worshippers. Of course, if they would stop to inquire as to the source of attraction that draws all Catholics each Sunday to their place of worship, they would learn that it is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the center of our religion and devotion. If they inquired further, they might learn, moreover, that each Catholic who has attained the use of reason is bound under pain of mortal sin to fulfill this obligation of Sunday Mass.

But let us go down still deeper into the reason for this obligation. It is this: All men as creatures owe to their Creator and Supreme Master a duty of worship, of adoration. The mode of worship is by sacrifice, and this manner of worship has been with man from the earliest ages. The perfection of all sacrifice is Holy Mass. Hence we who have the true faith and the true sacrifice, must take part in this sacrifice to fulfill the obligation we owe to Almighty God.

We know, moreover, that prayers and pious works are other means of honoring God. And it is especially by assisting at the public prayers and devotions of the Church that we honor God most.

Now does the fact that we are obliged under mortal sin to hear Mass on Sunday mean that by merely hearing one low Mass on a Sunday, we fully satisfy the



duty placed on us of worshipping God? The Church does not wish us to think so. She wishes to say that hearing one Mass on Sunday is the minimum of worship that we may show to God without committing a grave offence against Him. And are we to content ourselves week after week with this minimum of worship, and perform that merely to escape mortal sin?

The care and providence of God is over us each second of our lives; all that we have is from His bounteous hand, and we think it sufficient to return Him a bare half-hour or hour of service out of every seven days, the rest of which we devote to the world, the devil, or ourselves.

Sunday is the Lord's day, and my plea is that it should be the Lord's day in the true spirit of worship and devotion. I do not say that it should not be a day of lawful rest and recreation, but I do say that we should devote more of it to divine worship than the mere half-hour of a low Mass.

Vespers and Benediction. How these call back to mind the happy days of our childhood when fortunately we were sent to these devotions by our parents. Who of us does not feel himself raised on high at sound of the plaintive chant of the psalms, amid the sweet smelling incense, and at the solemn benediction of our Eucharistic Lord that shall be with us throughout the coming week. You will have enough time for amusements outside of these few extra minutes dedicated to God. In Lent we taste the comforts of such piety. Let not Easter put an end to this holy practice.

## While Angels Wept

S. M. T., O. S. B.

'Twas the Wednesday  
Of that great and holy week  
In which, frail man's redemption,  
Wrought by greatest immolations,  
Was accomplished. Jesus and Mary  
Had risen ere the Angels in Heaven  
Had chanted their matin song  
And had knelt in silent resignation  
To the griefs of that sad day.  
Both sat down to their morning meal,  
Not to dine, however, but to pine  
For one another ere they had been parted.  
The hour had come when He must go.  
A sea of woe engulfed them, but each wave  
Was tinged with golden hue, the thought—  
"God wills it so." 'Tis said He knelt  
To beg her blessing and permission  
To His Passion, nor strange this seems  
As He was e'er so sweet and condescending.  
But, whether He knelt at her pure feet  
Or she at His, howe'er it was  
'Twas sadly beautiful, and meet it is  
That we should pause awhile in grateful love  
To wonder at it all.

Mary turned

To face the road that led toward Bethlehem  
Down which she'd travelled, young and glad,  
That at the "House of Bread" the "Bread of Life"  
Might cradled be. A moment, laden  
With heartpangs inexpressible, did pass  
When Jesus, with voice softer than silence  
Said, "Mother, 'tis divinely true  
That crosses great with greatest graces  
E'er are linked. I go to carry Mine,  
And on it soon to die. Come Thou, too,  
To carry Mine and Thine, yet living still,  
To be of Martyrs Queen." 'Twas here  
That Jesus, like all loyal priestly sons,  
Did first invite His Mother to His great Sacrifice,  
That she who loved Him most might share  
The first in His great Heart's great desire.  
Do not wonder reader that the parting moment  
Between the God-man and His maiden Mother  
Be omitted here for methinks that e'en the mighty pen  
Of England's king of letters would hesitate  
To sketch a scene at which all Heav'n  
Stood still and hushed its music that  
It might hear their heart throbs and  
Let fall a tear of sympathy profound.  
But is it so that Angels weep? Not  
Salty tears as human hearts o'erflow,  
But tears of love and deep compassion surely,  
For how could Angel hearts be glad  
When the second Throne was vacant  
And the Heart Divine and human of Him  
Who had reigned there since Eternity was young  
Was suff'ring torments equal to His love?

Jesus has gone from Bethany;  
On His way He passes vineyards,  
And over them and distant wheat fields  
He scatters benedictions. His heart  
Counts the hours until the moment  
Will have come when He will rest again  
In the sinless heart of her He left behind,  
Until He will have studded with Diamond, rare and  
infinite,  
The ring of human life.

Thursday evening with its ecstasies  
And mysteries has come. Jesus, Master,  
Deigns to wash His creatures' feet,  
To minister to men as if He were their slave.  
Then, with heart aglow and eyes uplifted,  
He speaks those words divine by which  
The Incarnation is extended and prolonged  
E'en down to each and ev'ryone of us.  
Forgotten is the morrow. Heart and brow  
Flooded with happiness unutterable, He,  
The true Pelican, feeds with His life Blood  
And Flesh, His children dear, while Angels  
Holy envy feel, and weep anew (as Angels weep)  
That they were not created men so that  
They, too, might feed upon the God they love.

# The Holy Grail

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

(Continued)

## BOOK 4. QUEEN REPANSE

Riders on Salvat's mount  
Often hear singing,  
Wand'ers within the dells  
Dream that some fairy spells  
Set chimes of silver bells  
On the winds ringing.

Repanse, Queen Repanse,  
Her golden hair streaming,  
Sings as she bears the Grail,  
Wrapped in a crimson veil  
Down rows of tapers pale  
And bright armour gleaming.

Within the castle like a ray of light  
Dwelt young Queen Repanse of the sunny hair,  
The child of Frimutel of evil fame.  
No lily opening in the dewy morn,  
No daisy closing its green bell at night,  
No violet hiding in a mossy bank  
Was sweeter, purer than the youthful queen.  
She was the shadow of Old Titurel—  
A guide and lamp unto his faltering feet,  
While he repaid her tender fostering care  
By spreading out before her dawning soul  
The knowledge gained from centuries of life.  
To her all lessons were as dust compared  
Unto the story of the Holy Grail—  
The cup that served the Lord Christ's need that  
night

Ere rained the arrows of His passion down,  
When in that "upper chamber" with the Twelve  
He changed this chalice to a well of life  
For every thirsting soul that bears its load  
Across the desert stretches of the world.  
And Repanse, wide-eyed, heard the wondrous tale  
Of how the mother gave the cup to him  
Who owned Christ master in the evil hour  
When dead and naked on the cross He hung  
And pitying gave Him that last gift a grave,  
And how the sons of Joseph held the Cup,  
A treasure dearer than the gift of life,  
And showed it only to the Savior's friends,  
And how their holy ardour cooled away  
As time pushed back the fact until at last  
They gloried not in guarding of the Cup,  
And how an angel with an angry face  
And streaming vestments of the sunset hue  
That dyes the west, proclaiming wind and rain,  
Bore far the sacred vessel from their ken.  
For years they hungered for the Cup and hoped,  
Perfected in good deeds and praise and prayer,

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It yet might rest among them as of old.  
And many a knight of Aramathian blood  
Rode forth in hope upon the holy quest  
And many a deed of high emprise they wrought,  
For zeal thrives better in a hopeful strife  
Than in possession of the thing desired.  
And to each knight he gave his meed of praise  
Until he came unto the day that he,  
Called by an angel, left his wide domains  
And placed his life at service of the Grail,  
Then modesty forbade his tongue to speak,  
A virtue that becomes all Christian men.  
Now once came Repanse with wide thoughtful eyes,  
And seated at her grandsire's feet began:—  
"There is no mention in all Holy Writ—  
Not one word spoken of the Cup we guard,  
Perhaps our guard is vain," and doubt  
Swept like a shadow o'er her youthful face.  
Then her the grandsire answered:—"It is meet  
That youth should question, yea, and prove each  
truth,

And crystalize it for the need of age  
When doubt is canker to the souls of men.  
This chalice stands a fact in Holy Writ:  
'Take ye, and drink ye all of this He said.'  
But how it chanced to come into our care  
Is not essential to redemption's plan.  
How many things, now dear to Christian hearts  
Are known but by tradition's useful means—  
The cross itself on which our Lord Christ died  
Has no word further from the evangelists,  
Nor yet the garments on which lots were cast—  
The seamless garment made by Mary's hands,  
The crown of thorns that pierced His royal brow,  
The nails that dug His willing hands and feet.  
But deem ye that no loving faithful hands  
Were found to treasure and to hold most dear  
These relics sacred from His heavenly touch?  
And this we know, it is the Father's will  
That we His children hold in reverence due  
These precious relics, for the Holy Cross,  
Deep buried in that hill, was guarded well  
By those who knew not that they kept the guard—  
Thus sinners' acts as well as those of saints  
Work toward the glory of His holy name—  
And o'er its resting place a temple rose  
In honor of a heathen deity.

There safe it lay until a gentler age  
Might reverence duly the most holy rood.  
Then Helen, Mother of Great Constantine,  
Was led in vision to the hiding place,  
And workmen, digging in the yielding soil,  
Unearthed three crosses, and lo! no one knew

Which bore the body of our Blessed Lord,  
 But God, who wills not that deceit should mar  
 The well meant tribute of His children's love,  
 Suspended by His power the obedient law  
 To show which tree had borne the Fruit of Life."  
 Still spake the grandsire for his many years  
 Had made him garrulous: "The holy book  
 Bears witness, but a little has been writ,  
 And faithful tongues still hand the stories down  
 That else had perished from the minds of men,  
 How few that hold the Lord Christ for their king  
 May read as you have read the holy word.  
 By toil did come that book from which you drank  
 These words that barning with your youthful mind  
 Produced this froth of doubt that floats upon  
 The golden liquor of eternal truth.  
 I mind me in my youth—long long ago—  
 The dust of centuries had buried much  
 Yet some things stand as landmarks in the past:—  
 'Twas from that abbey by the river brim  
 The Monk Alphonsus, with his staff and shell,  
 Went out across the mountains and the sea  
 Unto an island in the ocean blue  
 Where men toil daily at the holy task  
 Of making copies of the Word Divine.  
 The book is set within a spacious hall  
 And Christian clerks from every land may come  
 And copy faithfully the living word.  
 And to each stranger is a cell assigned,  
 And meat and drink to serve his daily need.  
 This word Alphonsus left:—"If I return  
 Not when a decade counts the flying years,  
 My bones are resting in the stranger's soil,  
 Another hand must seize the waiting pen."  
 And when the time was past went Lugio  
 In faith and hope unto the distant land,  
 And ten years passed nor was he seen again.  
 Once more the abbey sent a well loved son  
 Upon the toilsome quest and waited still,  
 And as the ninth year drew unto its close  
 And winter lay upon the cheerless land,  
 Came Faithful Norbert to the abbey back,  
 An old man spent with heavy toil and years,  
 And, strapped upon his back now curved with age,  
 He bore the scriptures but his strength was spent.  
 Scarce had he time to shrive and feel the oils  
 Upon his feet and faithful hands when he  
 Breathed out his last, ere he could speak one word  
 Of those who went before him in this toil.  
 But when the body decently was laid  
 Beneath the altar in the chapel dim,  
 His brethren took the precious book and pored  
 Long on its pages showing days of toil.  
 And first, came Genesis in clerkly hand.  
 Each line was firm and clear, and capitals  
 In Gothic characters illumed each page,  
 And all the books were in the selfsame hand,  
 But surer grown in each succeeding line  
 Until it came to Judges, and the words

Of Manue to his wife: "We sure must die  
 Because we have seen God." An ink splash fell  
 Upon the parchment and he wrote no more.  
 Perhaps Alphonsus at his work had passed  
 Or died of sickness at some later day.  
 Next followed Lugio's well rounded hand,  
 With soft acanthian traceries and birds  
 And flowers wove in and out in wond'rous maze  
 Along each margin and each verse's head,  
 And where the name of the Most High was writ  
 It seemed a feast unto his gentle soul,  
 For all the cunning of his pen he used  
 In honor of the Word dear to his heart.  
 But faint and straggling grew the graceful lines  
 And simpler in design. Each page spoke loud  
 Of toil performed in duty, not in joy.  
 At Machabees a tremor shook the pen,  
 The body drooped but the unconquered mind  
 Pushed on the hand unto the words:  
 'And here it shall be ended,' scrawled  
 As if in bowing to the victor Death."

(To be continued)

### "Fear not Mary!"

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Was it eve, or early morning,  
 'Ere her labor had begun,  
 That the kneeling virgin trembled  
 At a voice like unto none  
 Ever heard by her? Or listened  
 Unto words so strange and rare,  
 That her pure lips failed to utter  
 Further strains of praise or prayer?

"Fear not, Mary!" said the angel,  
 "Favor hast thou found on high,  
 'Tis the Father sends me to thee,  
 This my message ratify....  
 Heaven and earth await thy answer,  
 Wilt be mother to His Son?  
 Say the word, and angel chorus  
 Shall announce redemption won!"

Bravely now she speaks, returning,  
 "I know not man...how can this be?"  
 "Fear not, Mary!" Gabriel pleading,  
 "The Holy Ghost thy Spouse shall be!"  
 "Be it done," she meekly murmured,  
 Angels caught the words sublime,  
 Wafted through the courts of heaven  
 First notes of our Christmas chime.

### Be Still

Under this caption THE GRAIL for February printed a poem from the pen of Elizabeth Voss. The author requests us to state that in line four—"Of earth's eternal things, be still, be still!"—the copy should have read *external*, not "eternal."



## Under St. Joseph's Protection

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

**“W**HO is the patron of your new parish, Father?” inquired Thomas Dire as Father Gilbert came into the merchant's office from the neighboring village of Charleston, where he had lately completed a new church.

“Why, St. Joseph, of course.”

“Wouldn't the name of your town have suggested another patron?”

“Possibly, but St. Joseph was my choice from the very beginning. It may seem strange, but a Catholic church always suggests to me the house of Nazareth. Then, too, St. Joseph bears a more intimate relation to the Holy Eucharist than any other creature, if you except the Blessed Virgin.”

“Wasn't the Holy Eucharist instituted after the death of St. Joseph?”

“Quite so, but St. Joseph was for many years the divinely appointed guardian and protector of Him Who is present in the Eucharist, even before He was born at Bethlehem and while He lived at Nazareth. No, St. Joseph is not to be separated from the Eucharist.”

“Aren't you placing a little too much emphasis on the relation between St. Joseph and the Eucharist, Father?”

“By no means! Every church, in which the Holy Eucharist is reserved, harbors the Son of the Virgin Mother, the spouse of St. Joseph. Therefore, by his very title, husband of Mary, he had a certain right over the Divine Infant who is now sacramentally present in our midst.

“St. Francis de Sales explains this relationship very nicely when he says, ‘If a dove carries in its beak a date and lets it fall into a garden where it takes root, to whom will the tree belong that shall spring from it but to the owner of the garden? The owner of the ground is naturally the owner of the fruit that it pro-

duces.’ Now the Holy Ghost is that dove, the Virgin Mary is the garden, and the date is the Son of God. At the Incarnation this Dove dropped the Date into the Garden, where it took root and developed into a beautiful tree. But the Blessed Virgin belonged to St. Joseph as a spouse belongs to her spouse. The Blessed Fruit of her womb, therefore, in a certain sense belongs to him also.”

“Jurists hold the same principle, for they say: ‘A thing bears fruit for its master,’ and, ‘What is born in my field belongs to me.’”

“These principles cannot, it is true, be applied in a strict sense, yet in a measure they are applicable. Let me quote another bishop who speaks of St. Joseph's relation to the Eucharist. ‘St. Joseph,’ he says, ‘was the guardian of the Son of God. He watched his Ward with care and he shielded Him from persecution at the peril of his own life. Scarcely was Jesus born when the cruel Herod sought to put Him to death. The murderous sickle of the jealous tyrant was raised to cut down, before it had come to a head, the mysterious Wheat that germinated in the womb of Mary as in a virgin soil. Arise, Joseph; take the Child and His Mother and provide for His safety by flight. Watch over Him, preserve Him from harm, for He is our only hope. He will one day feed the whole world with



THE FOSTER FATHER OF JESUS

His own substance. It was Joseph who saved from being cut down by the storm of persecution that growing head of wheat which gave us the Sacred Bread that nourisheth to eternal life.”

“Speaking of the flight into Egypt, reminds me that I have often heard priests draw a parallel between the Egyptian Joseph and the foster father of the Savior.”

"Yes, and the bishop that I have just been quoting extends the parallel to St. Joseph's connection with the Holy Eucharist. 'It was in Egypt,' he says, 'during the seven years of plenty that the ancient Joseph stored up in granaries the wheat which was to feed the subjects of Pharaoh and the house of Jacob during the seven years of famine. It was in Egypt, too, and then in Nazareth, that the new Joseph concealed for a long time Him who, on the eve of His death, opened His tabernacles and said to Jew and Gentile alike: "Take ye and eat, this is my body. Take ye and drink, this is my blood. My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed." Our Joseph, with more right than the viceroy of the Nile, may be called the provider of the world; and after eighteen centuries we are still living on the Wheat laid up by him and kept in reserve in those abundant granaries which we call the holy tabernacles.'"

"I never realized before, Father, that we owe so much to St. Joseph."

"This debt becomes the more apparent from the title that St. Bernard gave to St. Joseph, when he called him 'nourisher of Christ's flesh.' By the sweat of his brow he earned the bread that caused Christ's body to grow and His blood to increase. Pope Pius IX, when he declared St. Joseph the Patron of the universal Church, said: 'He nourished with greatest solicitude Him whom the faithful were one day to receive as the Bread of Life, which was to sustain them on their heavenward journey.'"

"In view of all this it is not at all surprising that Pope Benedict placed St. Joseph's name in the divine praises that are pronounced after Benediction. By the way, wouldn't it be appropriate to invoke St. Joseph when one prepares for Holy Communion?"

"It certainly would, for the admonition of Pharaoh to 'Go to Joseph' has just as much force today, when applied to the saint, as it had in ancient times. His guardianship of his foster son is thrown into the balance now when he exercises his protection over us who are also his adopted children. Hence his intercession is so powerful. St. Theresa was accustomed to say that she never failed to obtain what she asked through the mediation of St. Joseph. Even many poverty-stricken people in Europe today place their full trust in St. Joseph and he does not disappoint them. Remarkable instances of unexpected relief have been related from time to time."

"I think we are drifting a little from the subject, Father. We began with St. Joseph as patron of your new church."

"Yes, and I said that every church suggests to me the holy house of Nazareth, which St. Joseph procured for his dwelling, if he did not

build it himself. So in our day he is no less active in procuring or building dwelling places for his foster son."

"Yes, but he no longer plies the saw and hatchet."

"No, the saw-and-hatchet days are over for St. Joseph, yet many of our churches owe their existence to him. Have you read the instance that is quoted in the *Abbey Vigil Lights*, a book that was published recently? 'North of Lake St. Peter in Canada,' says the author, 'is a substantial town which is growing from year to year. The Catholics resolved to erect a large, solid, durable church of stone. This was quite a venturesome undertaking. For although giant trees were common and wood cheap, stones were scarce. They had to be carted from beyond the St. Lawrence River. There was no bridge to span the mighty stream which was from three to four miles broad. But the Catholics were not discouraged, they awaited the coming of winter. The cold in that region is so intense that it freezes up the tumultuous stream from bank to bank so firmly that the heaviest wagons can safely cross and use its surface as a highway. Immense piles of rocks were accumulated in the meantime on the shore to be carted over in December, January, and February.'"

"'Winter came—the one of 1881–82; but, strange to say, there was no ice that year, as every Canadian knows. At times the shore was fringed and occasionally there was a thin layer of surface ice, but that was all. The dark turgid floods destroyed every ice-bridge in formation. Half the winter had passed in this unpromising way. For once the bleak and fierce January and February swayed it mildly over the snow fields of the North. In the beginning of March thaws, heralding a premature spring, were perceptible in the sheltered nooks and valleys. To picture the congregation with its hopes blasted, or at best deferred for another year, would be difficult. Bigotry was rife in those days. The non-Catholics, especially the preachers, laughed and scoffed at the Catholics and told them publicly that God in this extraordinary way wished to show them that He wanted no Catholic church built. On the first Sunday in March the priest called upon his parishioners to pray to St. Joseph, the foster father of Jesus, the protector of the temporalities of the Church, to help them in their present distress.'"

"'We wish to build a suitable house for his divine foster son, therefore he, the carpenter of Nazareth, must help and advise us, said the pastor.'"

"'Prayers were immediately begun and kept up incessantly day and night for three, four, five days. All of a sudden the weather changed.

The cold began and increased and became intense. Immense blocks of ice swept down from Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, blocking and clogging the river; they jammed and piled upon one another and welded into a solid frozen mass just across from where the granite pile lay. Logs and beams were dragged forth to test the sustaining power of the gorge and finally it was proven that for a width three hundred feet from shore to shore there was a safe passage for teams and loads of any capacity. This was Tuesday.

"Wednesday, St. Joseph's Day, came in with a terrible cold spell and a colder night, so that the last vestige of hazard was removed as to the strength of the bridge. Next morning early every available cart, dray, and wagon of Catholic and non-Catholic, a hundred or more, drove up and halted in front of the church, where Mass was being said in honor of St. Joseph for the laborers that they might be preserved from accident. Then man and horse proceeded to the river, crossed the ice safely, and returned with loaded wagons back to town. So the work went on from morning till night. The emergency bridge, St. Joseph's bridge, held safely to the end. Even the non-Catholics on the opposite shore looked upon its formation as a miracle and begged the Catholics, whom they considered as its proprietors for having obtained it by prayer, for permission to use it. By that night all the granite blocks and stones had been safely removed to the new church site. The work had hardly been completed when, before the next morning dawned, the ice gorge heaved and groaned and with a thundering crash broke into huge fragments, which, set in motion by the resistless current, began majestically to move out on their way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to the sea. That same year the church was built and finished and dedicated to St. Joseph."

"Thus you see St. Joseph is still busy providing dwellings for his foster son. But he is active also in another direction. He certainly obtains favors and blessings from his foster child in behalf of his own clients. You must agree with me, therefore, that I chose a very suitable patron for my church. I expect to get help and relief from him when I too must face obstacles in the further development of the parish. I am certain that he will succor me also in my own personal needs."

"Well, Father, as the saints are not partial, I, too, will 'go to Joseph' in my difficulties and perplexities."

You show me the greatness of your love, O Jesus, by your infinite goodness in giving yourself to me this day.—Faber.

## The Fifth Station

"Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus to carry the Cross."—To have been a partner in the sorrow and suffering of Jesus is the singular prerogative of Simon of Cyrene. When we make the Way of the Cross with becoming fervor and compassion we cannot but wish that we too might have been so privileged. How sweet it would have been for us to have eased the bruised shoulder of Jesus, even ever so little, by helping Him carry His Cross.

But ah! That is a sweetness that is not at all beyond our reach. Of a truth, did not Jesus Himself say: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (St. Matt. 25:40.) The hunger and cold of the poor, the suffering and loneliness of a sick neighbor, the heartache of the unbefriended — are not these so many crosses that we can at least partially lift from the shoulders of Christ's brethren? An alms, a comforting visit, a kindly word, is the grasp wherewith we lift such crosses. And as long as we do it to these, we do it to Him.

## Station Five

P. K.

Sweet-scented zephyrs sway the trees,  
The birds in gladness sing,  
The crocus opens its dewy lips,  
To welcome back the spring.

The sun's bright smile lights up the cross  
Upon the church's spire,  
Dame nature wears her Easter hat  
And holiday attire.

\* \* \* \* \*  
On Calvary's height looms up the cross,  
A guidepost to the skies.  
For o'er that thorny rocky mount  
Our way to heaven lies.

Remember this in days of trial:  
On thorns sweet roses thrive.  
In storm and calm, in grief and joy,  
Remember Station Five.

## Our Lady of Sorrows

TERENCE F. BEEHAN

He placed a rose upon Our Lady's shrine,  
A rose that bloomed the last upon the vine,  
It seemed the Virgin smiled, not once but twice,  
And said, dear boy, though small it does suffice.

The boy knelt down. A bird with breast of blood  
Flew at Our Lady's feet, and kissed the bud.  
Poor little creature, so unfortunate,  
But near at hand was one compassionate.



## The Banished Portrait

CLARE HAMPTON

(Continued)

**J**ULY 30—Today, being Sunday, and church services over, I was wandering about the garden, Bible in hand, looking for cool place in which to read and be alone with my thoughts. Coming to the honeysuckle arbor, I found old Uncle Jake seated there, leaning on his cane, beads in hand, and moving his lips. For a moment I stood and contemplated him, as his expression was so unearthly; he seemed transported off to some higher region, where sorrow is unknown. He had his eyes closed, and did not see me at first, but a movement on my part made the pebbles of the path rattle, and he immediately opened them, and struggled shakily to his feet, ever polite and respectful. But I pressed him back on his seat.

"Don't bother to rise, Uncle," said I, seating myself on the rustic bench opposite. "But for a long time I have been curious to know what those brown beads are, which you carry all the time."

"Dem's rosary beads, Miss Annis," he replied smiling.

"And what do you do with them?"

"Why, I prays on 'em to de Blessed Virgin."

"And do you think she hears you?"

"She most sho'ly does, Miss. She am de bes' fren' a pusson could hab."

"But Uncle, the Bible says we shall pray only to God, and Jesus Christ shall be the only Mediator."

"Well, Miss, ef He lub her enough to make her His own Mother, do you think He be offended ef she ask Him fo' a favor for her fren's on earth? 'Member when He turn water into wine 'cause she ask Him?"

I was surprised. I found him astonishingly well read and posted on his religion, and could not resist the temptation to ask him other knotty questions that have perplexed me in my own religion. Mr. Darley either cannot, or will not answer them satisfactorily, and I must know what I am believing. Strange to say, Uncle Jake was able to set me right, and also corrected several erroneous impressions I had. I think I will seek him out again, when I am in a serious mood, and have one of these interesting talks with him.

I also asked him about the portrait in the attic, thinking that he, being the oldest servitor, might know about it. And I judged rightly.

"Ah calc'late Ah do know why it was put up there," he replied to my question. "Ole missus

had me put it up there. Pow'ful sad story."

"Oh, do tell me about it!"

"It's her daughter, Mary Jane. She done turn Cath'lic, and den go to be a nun. Ole missus, she hates Cath'lics. Dey was a awful fracas at de time, but young Miss Jane, she had her way, and since den, nobody dares to mention her name to yo' aunt."

"And did it happen very long ago?"

"Nigh on twenty yeahs now."

"And who is the young man whose picture is over the dining room mantel?"

"Dat Miss Jane's brother. He civil engineer down South America. Ain't ben home in five yeahs. Ole missus, she awful crabby 'cause her two chillun go 'way. All of us 'fraid to talk to her. Only sence you come, Miss Annis, she a different woman. Yassuh, ole missus pow'ful fond of you."

"And where is this Mary Jane now?"

"In the Ursuline Convent at N——."

All day I have been able to think of nothing else but the sad tale Uncle told me. No wonder there is a shadow in Aunt's eyes.

**AUG. 15**—I have had many little talks with old Uncle Jake on religion since my last writing, and the subject is fascinating. I believe he enjoys it as much as I do. Yesterday, Aunt being indisposed, she sent me to town alone to make some purchases for her. On passing a Catholic church, I felt irresistibly drawn to enter. I suppose hearing old Uncle Jake's talks, and having a cousin a nun has made me curious. What impressed me most was the sudden calm and sweet silence of the place, after the rattle and bang of the noisy streets. Here and there a little light burned within a ruby cup, and there was a pungent, agreeable odor in the air. At the altar a dark figure in black veil and starched bonnet moved noiselessly about, dusting, and arranging flowers and candles. How reverently she always knelt when she passed the center of the altar! I have another question for Uncle Jake. Why, when the Bible forbids graven images, did the nun kneel? There were several old women moving from shrine to shrine and kneeling a moment in prayer at each; at first I remained at the back of the church, but seeing the old women, I was moved to do the same as they. They have beautiful statues! Just to look at them inspires one to prayer. One especially impressed me; it was Christ, in white robe and red cloak, with a heart painted on his breast. His arms were outstretched, and He did have wonderful eyes,

that seemed looking right at me. I gazed and gazed, fascinated, and felt at that moment that I could have remained there forever.

SEPT. 10—Well, my vacation is soon over. Mr. Darley and his family are returning from the northern lakes next week, and he is to resume my lessons at once. An old, grey-haired rector has been substituting for him during his absence, and incidentally, recuperating after a long illness. I feel restless and dissatisfied. My Bible has ceased to be a consolation, so I have turned to the "Imitation." It is more satisfying, and yet, somehow, I feel that it was written for those within a favored "inner circle," from which I am barred. I feel the wonderful philosophy of the spiritual life therein depicted, and yet, though I strive to live up to it, something is missing. What is it? I have confided my spiritual troubles to Mr. Darley, but though he listens patiently, and tries to assist me, he does not satisfy the clamoring voice within. I read the meditations for Communion, and the admonition to communicate frequently, and have attended our Communion Service more than once, and received the bread and wine, but somehow, it seems but an empty ceremony. I cannot seem to work myself up into anything like the fervor of the disciple speaking to his Lord.

Nov. 1—Sunday. Aunt, having a severe headache, bade me go alone to church. Am ashamed to say that I was monstrously bored with the service; I never heard a word of the sermon, and was impatient at the barrenness of the place. Not a picture, not a statue to inspire one to higher thoughts; my mind kept wandering off to a dim niche, where a wondrous face with fascinating eyes kept gazing at me, and myriad points of flame pulsated in colored cups. How dry my soul seemed, and how anxious I was for the service to be ended! At last, unable to remain longer, I left the church, and bade Sam drive me to St. Cecilia's, at the other end of the village, where I hoped to find a little of that soothing atmosphere I had experienced in the Catholic church at N—. And I was not disappointed. Services were in progress, and I arrived just in time to see the priest lifting up a glittering and bejewelled golden shrine, before which everyone fell on his knees and bowed his head. Instinctively I did the same, while the silence was intense, broken only by the silver tinkle of a bell. I did not remain long, for Aunt would naturally want to know where I had been if I came back late, but my fit of "blue devils" was dispelled.

When I arrived at home, I found the house in a hubbub. A telegram had been received, stating that Chet, my cousin, Aunt's son, is re-

turning from South America, is even now on the train, homeward bound, and will arrive tomorrow morning. Everyone is excited. His rooms must be dusted, cleaned, aired, even though it is Sunday, and for once the decorum of the Sabbath is disturbed. Even Aunt has forgotten all about her headache, and come downstairs to direct matters, half beside herself with joy. When I entered the room on arriving home from church, my mind all absorbed by new and wondrous thoughts, I was startled to have her, usually so staid and reserved, grab me and kiss me resoundingly on the cheek. "Chet is coming home, Annis! Just think of it; Chet is coming!" and the tears glistened in her sorrow-shadowed old eyes. Poor soul! What sorrow and loneliness must have been hers, that her son's home-coming should create such joy!

Nov. 2—He is here — tall, bronzed, broad-shouldered, in his early thirties; not exactly what one would call handsome, but with a genial smile that quite makes up for lack of beauty. We were introduced, and he was surprised to find me living here. Evidently his correspondence had been "few and far between," as he himself confessed.

"You know, I am not much of a hand at letter writing," he said. "Like most men, I hate it."

"But I wrote you of Annis' coming," replied Aunt. "Did you not get my letter?"

"No. You see, for the past year and a half, I have been constantly moving, so I suppose they were not able to find me."

And the stories he tells! I could sit by the hour. I haven't time to write more. I must dress for dinner.

Nov. 26—Yesterday was Thanksgiving. How different from our cold northern Thanksgiving! Aunt sent me out just before dinner to gather an armful of roses, which were placed in a great bowl in the center of the table. There were guests, and Chet outdid himself. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and he had us all hanging spellbound on his words. I have been studying singing in the past year, and gentle old Mrs. Armand happened to ask how I was coming along. Chet heard it, and nothing would do but I must give them a song. I had never before sung before an audience, and I am not vain about my singing, but my cousin kept me at the piano with song after song, playing the accompaniment himself, and sometimes joining in himself in a rich baritone. When he sang, I quite forgot my self-consciousness, and after one of these times, he turned and patted my arm, with no uncertain words of praise, in which our guests joined. However, I took it with a grain of salt; I will wait until my cross-grained

critical old Italian teacher tells me that. I wonder how he found time to learn to play the piano so well?

DEC. 20—Our house has been filled with company ever since Chet came home. All his old friends wish to see him and hear his experiences, and Aunt seems to have lost all her moroseness. She walks around humming little tunes to herself, and old Mammy Chloe just watches her and nods her head happily, saying, "De good ole days has come back; ole missus is quite herself again."

We are in the depths of our preparations for the holidays, which promise to be one round of merriment and good cheer. Aunt is getting up a house party, and planning all sorts of entertainments for her guests. Chet asked me yesterday to walk with him; we went down to the river, and sat in an old punt, where he told me some marvelous tales. He has a great collection of curios, which he wants me to help him assort and label. He is going to get a cabinet for them.

DEC. 25—What a happy morning I have had! At four A. M. we were all awakened by the strains of "Adeste Fideles," played by a Victrola which had been placed in the upper hall. Dressing hastily, we (the guests, Chet, Aunt and I) came into the hall, and sang old Christmas carols as we marched slowly down the grand staircase to the drawing room, where a giant pine tree blazed with electric lights. Old Santa awaited us there, and distributed presents. I received a gold purse from Aunt, and a set of books from Chet. Afterwards, we had breakfast, and then we went to our rooms again to rest until time for church.

After dinner, when everyone was following his own inclinations, I slipped out and went on foot to the village, where I stole a visit to the crib at St. Cecilia's. How wonderful it was, with the Christmassy smell of cedar and balsam trees, mingled with the odor of incense! I knelt and gazed, with a peculiar sense of God's presence in my heart, and I actually begged that gentle-looking Girl-Mother to pray for me! What if Mr. Darley and Aunt knew it? They would be horrified! I rose and sped home again, slipping in unnoticed, and kept my delicious secret in my heart.

JAN. 2—It is all over! The guests are gone, and we resume our quiet routine again. It was a happy time, but too much happiness cloyed; I am glad to get back to work again. A secret: I was accidentally caught napping under the mistletoe! I was hot and angry, but Chet claimed he had a right to do it, since I am his cousin. Of course, it was in full view of everybody, and they all stood by Chet and said

it was fair. Aunt laughed at my confusion until the tears stood in her eyes.

JAN. 20—It being a year now since Daddy died, I am to put aside my mourning, and go in for gaudy colors. Aunt says I need warm colors to tone up my complexion, which did not catch the roses as she had hoped, and I suppose they never will. They were not put there by the Great Artist. So she has chosen some shimmering, flimsy things in the pastel shades, for the winter dances she intends giving. For my part, I would rather have dark colors, or if they must be light, just plain white. But she will not hear of it, and about the only concession I could get, was to have the neck decently high. She calls me "little prude," and says I am foolish not to make the most of my type of beauty(?). (Bring on the bouquets!) After lesson hours, my whole time is divided up between dressmakers' fittings and Chet's curios. He is working on a catalogue listing his butterflies, bugs, shells, coins, and Aztec relics, and I am his amanuensis. The cabinet has arrived, and is a large affair, covering one wall of Aunt's picture gallery. It is absorbing work, placing and labelling the various articles, and I like it.

FEB. 14—Today I received a large package, which upon opening, proved to be a monster box of candy, heart-shaped and covered with pleated red satin, with ribbon rosebuds and a little bisque cupid with his quiver of arrows in the center. It is a gorgeous thing, and no card accompanied it, as is the custom on St. Valentine's, but I need no clairvoyant powers to tell me who sent it. I thanked him, and he blushed like a boy.

Yesterday was another red-letter day—my birthday. A little jewelled clock on my dresser speaks eloquently of Aunt's kindness, and a deluxe copy of the "Imitation," morocco-bound and gilt-edged, graces my little center-table. Chet saw me reading the old, well-thumbed volume belonging to his sister, hence the gift. Everyone is so good; they seem to vie with each other in trying to make me happy. Even old Mammy in her fondness came up with a perfectly wonderful Lady Baltimore cake, made by herself, a masterpiece in the artistry of its colored icings. What warm-hearted creatures they are, to be sure! Every one of the servants gave me their best wishes.

MARCH 25—Today, while taking a long walk, having offered to get the mail at the village, I passed a little book shop, (carrying millinery and fancy work as side lines) and saw displayed in the window, a book—"The Church or the Bible?" which attracted me at once. On looking through its pages, I found it dealt with many

(Continued on page 336)



# The Nuns of St. Mary's

S. M. R., O. S. B.

## Part II. Juliette du Jardin

(Continued)

### THE FUN OF IT ALL

**J**ULIETTE was from Luxemburg. Anyone would have known she was from somewhere. How did she manage to be more striking and have smarter dresses than anyone else? When your gaze traveled up the dress on the ample figure—she was almost massive for a girl of seventeen—to the open, pleasant face, brown eyes, reddish brown hair, a mouth that seemed to invite confidence, "Speak to me and I'll speak to you," hovering on its outskirts, you had the *tout ensemble* of the girl standing on a neat pair of sturdy legs.

Pepys, the younger sister—not Pepin le bref though—was quiet, silent, rather sallow; she elected to sit silently observing the many figures that passed in and out of the school porch during the short intervals or "breaks" in the busy school day.

Juliette had made the acquaintance of most people she came across within a week of her arrival, had even struck up a friendship with the little maid at the Guesthouse, while the very existence of Pepys seemed to remain unnoticed and unknown.

The first month at the English school had passed, when Molly L'Estrange, an Irish girl, had the good fortune to hurt her ankle. "Lucky thing," said some of the Second Form, "she won't have to do any lessons."

"Oh but I will, because my hands are all right, and Sister Augustine of Hippo says I must send in all my work just as usual. She said to me: 'you know, Molly, how anxious your father is for you to get on'; all very fine, but I know Daddy would not like me to study when I've hurt myself like this."

Juliette would wheel her out in the bath chair at the recreations: the chauffeur had it in the back of her head that they might meet the nuns. The art of steering is not confined to the Navy and—accidentally of course—the pair came along the Plantation Walk just in time. When

they had got—quite unsought for, as per plan—a word from the heading members of the community and a smile from the others, the cortege moved on again, the speed this time increased by several knots an hour.

"I think that Luxemburg girl positively beautiful," commented Sister Lucy.

"In spite of her red hair?"

"But its just the red hair that I admire, and she has such an honest open face and eyes that look straight at you."

Sister Rosalie admired her too but was rather

reticent and content to quote the opinions of others: "Sister Mary Peter says she is like the Madonna of Botticelli, that one he has in the 'Magnificat' and others of his pictures, and I suppose she would be if she toned down just a little."

"I don't want her to tone down," declared Sr. Anthony very decidedly.

"Luxemburg; Luxemburg: Luxemburg? surely Luxemburg's French? What do you speak in Luxemburg?" the English mistress asked the foreign children one afternoon. "Up till now we speak only German. German has to be taught in the school, to be speak in the publique places, in the post office since four year, but now not so, since the end of the war we speak French again." "A good thing too," added Pepys fervently.

The nun laughed: "The poor old Kaiser, what a lot he thought he could do with his old pan-Germanism, and here these people are, one fine morning, French again when the pressure of the iron heel is taken off. Well done they! The divine right to be what God has created them, that's what it comes to. Is it not?" The pupils did not quite understand so she repeated it slowly while they put it into French with a spontaneous "Mais oui"—at the end, so she knew it was all right.

Next afternoon but one the community were passing the tennis court and there in a group 'standing at ease' was Juliette. "Ah, that's where that independent bearing comes from; if that girl were English she would seem defiant." Sister X. was thinking of her talk with



JULIETTE DU JARDIN

the Luxemburgers: "Splendid of a little people like them to hold on to their independence, and the mental attitude must leave its stamp on every man, woman and child there." Sister X. was one of those people with a natural gift of psychology, and was never quite happy about a new-comer until she could "place" her, so to speak.

#### TROUBLESOME JULIETTE

Juliette of the many friends was bound to have one speciality, presumably a nun. It was nice to have one just ONE to look out for when the serried lines of the community went past, and to have the girls whisper at the tense moment that Sr. Jocelyn passed by, "Say Juliette, What colour is red?" Did the nun encourage her? Well she had been for over twenty years engaged in the school and had had time to learn that when impressionable young girls fall in love, it is for the sake of the lover not for the sake of the beloved. The "*attentions fines*" of the child amused her, but she was quite sincere when she made a special and direct request to her not to be foolish. Perhaps that was encouragement enough, at least in the psychology of Mr. Wilcox, the convent bailiff. He used to say to the Sister procurator about the horses:—"Now if I told those young horses to go nibbling at those trees they wouldn't do it, but just because they're wanted not to—," he knew the ways of young things.

"Having no luck" was a phrase the real significance of which was kept a secret from the nuns; when a girl was favored with a smile, a look, a word, then "she had luck." Juliette's lines did not seem to have fallen in goodly places, for her friend, Barbara Beresford described her as having no luck. When the weekly half holiday was dark and cloudy Sr. Jocelyn came out at the recreation hour, but when there was a bright strong sunshine and Juliette stood in the "Lime Walk" clutching her small camera like a hand grenade there was no Sister Jocelyn, she had been sent for to the parlour or some other where and there was "no luck" for the would-be photographer. Time was when Mother Prioress would not let the nuns be photographed, but then she did not know amateur photographers. Some snap shots were shown her and she was much amused and said, "What awful frights! Who on earth are they meant to be?" And from that hour the children had it all their own way. But when some were sent up to Harrod's for enlargement the last shred of vanity in the poor individual represented on the film must have melted away like snow before the kitchen fire: idiosyncrasies became emphasized a hundredfold, a bandeau slightly crooked on the wearer stood at an angle of 45

degrees to the wearer's guiding feature, the nose; Sister Gilbert of Sempringham had lines of character down her face, but under the powerful magnifiers at Harrod's they became as furrows of the plough-share. But the children saw no flaw and declared them all "topping," and Will R. Rose or Harrod made no comment on the attempts of the amateurs.

Some wise people thought the carrying on of the children very foolish and so it was, but it was all very innocent and gave an interest, that was not a business interest, to the passing hour. Longfellow says that "love is life," and as these young people were full of life, well, one had to take the consequence. St. Francis of Sales used to instruct his nuns of the Visitation: "Have the prudence of the serpents and the simplicity of the doves; but for all that I would prefer to have one dove than a dozen serpents." When he was lying on his deathbed, the attendants and friends around were saying the litany for the agonizing, they came to "All ye Holy Innocents pray for us," the holy old bishop of Geneva closed his eyes and a beautiful kind smile on his face showed that he had passed away to "the nurseries of heaven."

The weeks sped on and Juliette was sending surreptitious messages by surreptitious persons—the little housemaid, Melle Ivan, any trusty friend—Pepys, safe in her cocoon, had not yet learned the names of the nuns not engaged in teaching at the school. She had no particular chum among the girls, but "could join in," as they said, and when at tea the topic turned on persons or places beyond the Straits of Dover she generally had something to say very much to the point.

"I never see Pepys laugh: she fight with me," was the elder sister's way of accounting for this want of the better gift.

"Sisters always fight," Sr. Jocelyn was speaking from experience; the exceptions she had come across in this line were quite a negligible few:—"I fought with mine when I was young, and my brothers used to tell us when we were 'fit to be tied,' as they said, that 'two of a trade never agree.'"

"Last night in the dormitory Pepys come to me and we fight, and she cry and I cry: she say I give her no pocket money, and last week Pappy have sent a cheque to me for us both. And I go Melle Ivan and I say her, 'Is that what Pepys say is true'; and she say, 'It is not so, you give her as much as she wants.'"

"Divide, then," an obvious remedy.

"No, Pepys will not; she say, 'you keep it all, I cannot be bother.'"

In spite of her troubles of Saturday night, Juliette seemed radiant, the sun was coming

out, here was Sunday, and if the sun was not caught in its shining . . . in a short year or two school would be over: and then—?

"Well, try to keep the peace anyway. I have found that for peace we must be ready to put up with much and sacrifice a great deal. Sir Thomas More, you remember, was the happiest man in all England when he was in prison among the rats and mice because he kept his peace, while all those who were seeking the King's favour had lost theirs."

"I do not fight with Pepys, because in the holiday she say she is not happy here and Mother will not let us come in school here next year; and I want bring back my cousin and my friend and Mere Bede say we will have our own rooms for ourself."

"It sounds as though we were to have half Luxemburg here next term. Au revoir."

#### THE END OF THE TERM

The summer term was well on and Juliette was having the time of her life, and on the whole promised to become rather a troublesome young person from her sheer vim and go. Personally, Sister Jocelyn did not care if she were at the bottom of the sea, provided she could be there in safety like St. Paul; but the ever-increasing interest in her "going-out and coming-in," in the bible phrase, appealed to her sense of the ridiculous. Then came a pressing message along some wireless that she wanted to see her so badly, would she "come down." Sr. Jocelyn knew that this was a matter in which the head-mistress might "come down" in another sense. So, to be on the safe side, she consulted her. "Oh no, that would never do, there could be no exceptions, the child was here to learn, not to waste her time; then she could not grant that same permission to other children and there must be no exceptions"; all this in the "obiter dicta" of authority. Sr. Jocelyn was trying hard not to smile as she remembered that the law is no respecter of persons; then the head-mistress made a concession, struck no doubt by the comicalness of the situation: "If you meet her about the grounds, somewhere about, have a little word in passing, you can find out what she wants." Of course it was as anyone might have known, a mere nothing, an excuse, which took tangible form in a flashlight which had been bought in the last expedition to Leamington and there was some misgiving as to whether Mother Prioress would give leave for the nun to have it. She took it, however, subject to "permissu superiorum." The Guardian Angels of convent school children must wonder at their innocent pleasures and smile at their freshness and be minded perhaps of those baby angels playing before the throne

of the Great Father of all "with their crowns and palms." It was a truism, whoever has said it: "There's nothing on earth half so holy as the innocent heart of a child."

Time was flying, as it can only fly in the summer, and arrangements were being made for the holidays. For once the two sisters did not fight, they both wanted the same thing: if Mr. Clive, the English banker for the family, could not see his way to start for Luxemburg until a week after the holidays had begun, they would remain on at the Priory for the seven days. Letters with foreign postmark came in the post bag every other day: Monsieur du Jardin perhaps thought it strange that his girls choose to remain in a monastrey when they might be seeing the sights of the great metropolis. Then telegrams began to fly: the mistress saw difficulties in the way of their staying after the school had broken up. Then came one evening the cryptic message: "S-t-o-p J-u-l-i-e-t-t-e. L-e-t-t-e-r t-o f-o-l-l-o-w." The nuns laughed when they read it, the telegram was so appropriate: whatever the young lady was at, one could safely say "Stop Juliette." It seemed reminiscent of the injunction in Punch: "Go up, my dear, to the nursery," said the father of the family to the mother, "and find out what the children are doing and tell them they must not do it." And Juliette too found out for the fifty-fifth hundredth time that she "must not."

(To be continued)

#### The Banished Portrait

(Continued from page 333)

of the questions which have puzzled me for a long time. It is ably written, by a Catholic priest, and bids fair to set at rest many of my doubts. Have read about half of it. Stepped in at the church again, and found the old grey-haired rector pacing up and down the aisle, prayer book in hand. His look was so saintly that I had half a mind to call at the rectory for a little chat with him. I feel that I could confide anything to him. However, it was growing late, and I thought I'd better return home. Besides, I was a little timid about seeking him out. He glanced at me, and I suppose, thought it odd that I, a Protestant, should be found in his church, for, of course, he knows me, as do all the other villagers.

Chet is going to get me a thoroughbred horse. He is an accomplished horseman himself, and will teach me to ride. They have several horses here, but he says they are not fit for a lady to ride. However, he seems an expert at handling any of them. It is a pleasant prospect. I have always loved beautiful horses.

(To be continued)



## Seeing Life as it is

HARRY W. FLANNERY

THE doubtful enjoyment one gets in reading the screeds of the "younger generation" is forced, empty and ephemeral. The astonishing discovery of these iconoclasts is that there is imperfection in a necessarily imperfect world. This surprising fact engages their whole attention, distorts their artistic imagination and blinds them to all but vice, drunkenness, divorce, sexuality and passion. But these writers are brilliant and their sombre fatalism is made to glow with the deft word-touches with which they paint the story of their pernicious philosophy, destructive to ideals and principles if not balanced by corresponding consideration of the philosophy of writers who know and love men.

For these cynics do not know men. They are mostly very young men who have but a shallow knowledge of real men in a real world. They are merely acquainted with men, for to know a man is to have looked deep into him and understood him. Understanding of a man's motives tends to a sympathetic appreciation of him. These surface readers do not know men. They have not dug deep into men's souls, or they would have found there, even in the heart of the most abandoned criminal, some spark to be loved and kindled, some bit of the divine in man.

It is soothing to turn from the violent volumes of these moderns to the calm writings of men who tell of the essential goodness of things human and created. I do not preach a gleeful galloping toward the Pollyanna penmen or the sentimentalists, for these know no more of men than the cynics, and are no remedy for the philosophic ills caused by the sophistries of the vitriolic brethren, for they are unconvincing, silly and pathetic. There are many writers who know men. Some would laud Tarkington, Hutchinson, Mrs. Wharton, but in this article I would praise a man who seems to me to know men more fundamentally than any other modern, James Matthew Barrie.

The frequent advice of the veteran writer to the aspiring scribbler is to learn to care for all things, to learn never to be bored, to learn to turn a sympathetic eye on all humanity. By this means, sympathy, and this means only, can one know men. It is the test of the master—witness Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Stevenson, Steele, and almost every famed penman, especially poets—and Barrie, dramatist, novelist, and short story writer, is a master in sympathy. I doubt that anyone who comes unprej-

udiced to his works can withstand their charm, and do aught but say Barrie is among the greatest, if not the greatest of them all. That Barrie charms is undeniable, but just how Barrie charms one would hesitate to say. There are better playwrights, perhaps, those who observe the orthodox technicalities perfectly, but there are none who oftener make the audience forget "it is only a play." There are writers who weave more intricate plots and choose prettier scenes for the action, but there are none who oftener make you think "this could not have been told better," or who oftener brings tears to a face that smiles.

Barrie knows men. He knows their inner souls—the inner souls of his manikins, the inner souls of his readers. He is wise, and child-like, and deep. He knows the fundamental goodness in the soul, and he looks on with the eyes of the simple child. It is not so much in what Barrie says that his fame rests, but in what he leaves unsaid. There is never a superfluous word in the literary-matured Barrie, only the essentials remain. "Two of Them," for instance, has almost no setting or plot—it is almost a pure portrayal of character alone, but yet, ended, one realizes that a pretty tale has been perfectly told, and one closes the book with a smile and a feeling of having read something worth while. Barrie's prose is like poetry. It is not the poetry of beautiful words, nor of unmatched scenes, but the poetry of inmost human nature. Barrie especially delights in making the more humble be his characters. The life of the poor Scotchman, Cree Queery, the grinder, Little Sanders Elshioner, who courted T'Nowhead's Bell, Maggie Shandy, or the life of other lowly ones as William Hicking, the inconsiderate waiter, or the Admirable Crichton, superior butler, is the life that Barrie best reveals, for in these people he is best able to show sympathy, and in his powers of sympathy lies Barrie's great worth. But Barrie can show the life of the successful man (as the world sees him), too, and his picture of the clubman in the "Inconsiderate Waiter" is a good example. Barrie's chief mission, however, is in popularizing the bread and butter, the crackers and cheese, of life. Even in this instance, the "Inconsiderate Waiter," the clubman is merely a means of showing the soul of Hicking, although, of course, to do that, the superbly hypocritical clubman must show his soul, too. Across the title page of every Barrie book, one critic says,

might be written: "Human nature is always and everywhere the same."

It is a relief to read Barrie after reading the resounding claptrap of Nathans, Menckens, Dos Passos, Fitzgeralds, and W. L. Georges. Barrie is the very contrary of these. He shows life, real life, realism, but Barrie's eyes are kindly and he does not light upon exterior ugliness; he lights on interior beautifulness. He learns the whys, and even in the errors of men he finds a kindly reason. There is no venom, no scorn, no superiority, in Barrie; he loves men. Barrie is the writer of ideas, not opinions. He is the propagandist of mankind's nature and beauty, not mankind's perversities and ugliness.

There is no story in "Two of Them" but mankind, and there is no greater story than mankind. Just two of them, that's all. Barrie has just the character to see men as they are. He is quiet and silent. Barrie is a good listener, a good observer. Such men are those who write best. A man who can picture a situation in a word or two, who can reveal a mood with a lightning flash, who has proved himself an accurate observer. Barrie suggests. For instance:

"And I had thought you so trustworthy." (She always begins in the middle.)

"What have I done?" I asked, though I knew.

"Yesterday," she said, "when you put me into that cab. Oh, you didn't do it, but you tried to."

"Do what?"

She screwed her mouth, whereupon I smoked hard, lest I should attempt to do it again. But she would have an answer.

"Men are all alike," she said indignantly.

Barrie writes in the first person in "Two of Them." He is the "he" in it, and he describes her dress just as a man would: "It is yellow and brown, with pins here and there." That is all for that, but he continues:

Some of these pins are nearly a foot long, and when they are not in use she keeps them in her hat, through which she stabs them far down into her brain. This makes me shudder; but, so is she constructed that it does not seem to hurt, and in that human pin-cushion the daggers remain until it is time for her to put on her jacket again. Her size is six-and-a-quarter, and she can also get into sixes.

Barrie never gives an entire picture. Just a hint is sufficient. He leaves us to fill in all

the obvious details. There is a charmingly perfect picture in these few words:

.....to sit in the big chair and discuss what sort of a girl she is, with other matters of moment. When she suddenly flings herself forward—clasping her hands on her knee—and says "Oh!" I know that she has remembered something which must out at once or endanger her health; and whether it be "I don't believe in anybody or anything—there!" or "Why dowedie so soon?" or "I buy chocolate drops by the half-pound," I am expected to regard it, for the time being, as one of the biggest things of the day. I allow her, but no other to mend my fire; and some of her most profound thoughts have come to her with a jerk while holding the poker. However, she is not always serious, for, though her face is often so wistful that to be within a yard of it is too close for safety, she sometimes jests gleefully, clapping her hands; but I never laugh, rather continue smoking hard; and this she (very properly) puts down to my lack of humor. The reason we get on so well is because I treat her exactly as if she were a man, as per agreement. Ours is a Platonic friendship, or, at least, was, for she went off half-an-hour ago with her head in the air.

The story is the story of two natures, of the pretty relations of Mary and him, with the imaginary Thomson (imaginary as far as "he" is concerned, but real, as the standard of their Platonic agreement, as far as Mary is concerned) as amusing go-between. Over the fire they discuss everything, even "the nicest name for a woman. (Mary.)" And finally:

All's well with the world. As soon as I can lay down the scarf I am going west to the house where Mary, dear, lives.

Dumas never wrote sustained conversation more simply than Barrie. For instance:

I spoke wildly, fiercely, exultingly; and she, all the time, was trying to put on her jacket, and could not find the sleeve.

"It was your own fault; but I am glad. I warned you. Cry away. I like to see you crying."

"I hate you!"

"No, you don't."

"A friend—"

"Friend! Pooh! Bah! Pshaw!"

"Mr. Thomson—"

"Thomson! Tut! Thomson! His Christian name isn't Harry. I don't know what it is. I don't care."

"You said—"  
 "It was a lie. Don't screw your mouth that way."  
 "I will if I like."  
 "I warn you!"  
 "I don't care. Oh! Oh!"  
 "I warned you."  
 "Now I know you in your true colors."  
 "You do, and I glory in it. . . . ."

This continues without the use of "said," "reply," "assert," and the rest of the devices, for twenty-two exchanges until the story is within three short paragraphs of its end. I have never read a better story than this one and critics say that the hardest story to write is one of love. That Barrie is able to write such a story as this, and choose for his theme the hardest, is indeed a compliment to his great genius. But to Barrie, childlike lover of love, love is one of the easiest subjects, love between man and woman, or man and man.

"The Inconsiderate Waiter" is a story of love, too, love between man and man. All Barrie's stories are some kind of love story. In this case, "The Inconsiderate Waiter," it is the kindness in the heart of the austere clubman that is Barrie's theme. The beginning suggests Simon Strunsky:

"Frequently I have to ask myself in street for the name of the man I bowed to just now, and then, before I can answer, the wind of the first corner blows him from my memory. I have a theory, however, that those puzzling faces, which pass before I can see who cut the coat, all belong to club waiters.

But beyond that first paragraph there is no more indication of the clever essayist, Strunsky, but the unmistakable hand of Barrie is again at work. This story is not as suggestive as "Two of Them." There is more plot to this story, and there is setting, too, but character, always in a Barrie story, seems to predominate. It is his nature to write of character and make plot and setting be but a vehicle for the presentation of character, for human nature is Barrie's subject. When Barrie writes he loses himself in his manikins; he is his manikins. He becomes "he" in "Two of Them," he alternates between being the inconsiderate waiter with many troubles and the severe clubman with a position to maintain in the "Inconsiderate Waiter," he is Sanders Elshioner and he is Sam'l Dickie in "The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell," and he is Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly. The same applies to his novels, "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," and "Tommy and Grizel."

"It is my contemptible weakness," says Bar-

rie, "that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers I frown or leer; if he is a coward and given to contortions, I cringe, or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely."

F. Marion Crawford, too, used to forget himself when he planned a story. He would jump from one position to another, excitedly playing the part of each character as he imagined the story's progress. I believe that it is natural for an author, deeply interested in his subject, to perform sympathetic actions. This is true in drawing. When sketching a sneering face, it is natural to elevate your own nostrils and eyebrows; when sketching a smiling face it is natural to smile at the pictured figure. This habit puts the creator into closer contact with his characters; in fact he is the characters, and what they then do is natural, for it is what the author, as that character, would do. Barrie is especially able to act his characters.

"The Inconsiderate Waiter" is one of Barrie's best stories. It required considerable imagination to suppose himself now this, now the other man in the story; but he must have carried the idea through all the way, for it is most natural. The tale of the clubman who became interested in the waiter, and performed good acts under a veil of hypocrisy that excused all that was done and hid the acts, too, gave Barrie splendid opportunities. Barrie is at his best in character, and when he sets his character in those parts of Scotland he knows best, he is in his element. "Sentimental Tommy" is a character novel set in Thrums, and consequently Barrie has made that novel, with its companion novel, "Tommy and Grizel," his best.

His "Window in Thrums" and "Auld Licht Idylls" are peculiar books. From the appearance of the table of contents they seem to be complete works of fiction, novels, but the only connection of the chapters is that of place and people. Each chapter may stand by itself, either as a story or sketch. And it is in these two books that Barrie's best short stories, with the exception of "Two of Them," appear. "Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly," one of the tales in these books, is another character story. It has no plot, if we consider plot as a series of connected and related incidents. The setting—a bare cottage in a village of weavers—only aids in bringing out the picture of the people of whom Barrie talks. It shows the self-denial, the extraordinary patience, the unusual honesty, that dignify the pathetic Cree. Another



story in these volumes, "The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell," has a plot, perhaps this time more plot than character, but there is much character, nevertheless. It is a story in which one character bests another, the persuasive Sam'l Dickie bests Little Sanders Elshioner in the race for the desired Bell. It seemed rather too bad that the aggressive Sam'l got the better of the gullible Sanders in such a manner, but Sanders took it well, and felt that Sam'l really did him a favor by taking Bell off his hands. But Bell, says Sanders, "ou, a mere passin' fancy, 's ye nicht say."

I have not read all that Barrie has written yet, for he has written much, but I will read it all within the next year or so, for Barrie refreshes me after reading the cynics, whose important works must be read, "just to know them."

### St. Casimir

A. C. McK.

CASIMIR, a prince of Poland, remarkable for his devotion to the Holy Eucharist, his singular love for the Blessed Virgin and the angelic virtue of chastity, and reverence for the least ceremonies of the church, was born on the fifth day of October, 1458. His father was king of Poland and his mother, Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of Emperor Albert II. At the age of nine his training and education were entrusted to the care of the pious and learned Father Deulosz. Animated by the precept and example of his guardian and instructor, the innocence and devotion of the young prince soon ripened into the practice of heroic virtue. He possessed a charming personality and character and was at all times kind and affable.

In an atmosphere of luxury and magnificence he dressed plainly, fasted, wore a hair shirt, and slept on the bare ground. Regardless of the hour or inclemency of the weather, he would kneel for hours before the locked doors of churches, and in the morning when they were opened, entered to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which he assisted with such reverence and attention that he seemed in raptures.

His love for Jesus was shown in his love for the poor, and his tender sympathy with their afflictions, and he ministered to them as if he saw in them the person of Our Lord. He recited frequently the beautiful hymn to Our Holy Mother familiar to us in our own tongue. Everything that tended to promote piety was dear to him, hence his great reverence for the sacramentals and the least ceremonies of the church.

At the age of fifteen he was sent by his fa-

ther, much against his will, on an expedition into Hungary. The undertaking was not successful, and having obtained the king's consent, he returned. However, as the failure of this project was disagreeable to his father, and not wishing to increase his disappointment by coming immediately to him, he retired to a castle some distance from the palace, where he spent three months in the practice of penance. The few remaining years of his life were spent in the practice of those virtues which made him dear to God. He preserved throughout life an untainted chastity.

Wasting with a lingering consumption, he foretold his last hour. Prepared by redoubled prayers and fortified by the sacraments of Holy Church, he went to his reward on the fourth day of March, 1482, at the early age of twenty-four.

Many miracles were wrought after death, so many that a large book was published devoted entirely to an account of the wonderful events. To the blind sight was restored, the lame walked, the sick were healed and a child was raised to life.

One hundred and twenty years after his death the Saint's tomb was opened that his body might be transferred to the marble chapel where it now lies. The vault crumbled in the hands of the workmen, yet the body was found whole and uncorrupted, and emitted a fragrance which filled the church and refreshed those present. Under his head was found the hymn to Our Blessed Lady which he had requested be buried with him. An old painting represents St. Casimir with a lily in his hand.

O Jesus, my love, in memory of the sacrifice which Thou madest of Thyself on the cross and which Thou makest now in the Blessed Sacrament, I beseech Thee to accept my own, my whole being immolated and sacrificed to Thy adorable designs and will.—St. Mary Magdalen.

### In Shadows

BETH CHENEY NICHOLS

Pass not idly through the narrow lanes  
Where the still is lifted by a brook  
Gushing out from some umbrageous nook  
Babbling all its secrets in refrains.

Go beyond the sunny places! Look  
Where the shadows hold the pebbles white,  
There in deep and dignified delight  
Cardinal flowers blooming in the brook!

Pass not idly through the sunny years  
Seeing only hearts with joy aglow;  
For the loveliest beauty we can know  
Is the soul that smiles through thickest tears.



## Notes of General Interest

### FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Can the ordinary home be made fireproof? Recent experiments by fire underwriters have shown that the metal lath and plaster will withstand fire for an hour. This means that an ordinary home, having metal instead of wood lathes, is comparatively safe from the spread of the flames.

—A small camera recently perfected, is only half an inch thick.

—The latest revolutionary ideas for the stage raises a prepared scene through the floor, and paints it with light. The light is projected from the rear of the theater. The stage is actually projected into the audience, thus doing away with the curtains and drops.

—Battering and stripping a cement road for repair is a very difficult task. To make the work easier, a new machine uses heavy plunging chisels that are driven by a truck engine.

—Using the wind to sail against the wind, is the striking fact in a newly invented raft-boat. Vanes, like those of large windmills, are driven by the wind so as to transmit their rotation to the submerged propellers. As the blades of the propeller strike against a heavy and substantial medium, in the water, the slippage is less than in the air, so that the boat is propelled against the wind.

—"The next step will be direct telephone conversation with Europe." This statement is the prediction of a leading engineer who, during the last forty-five years, has been developing marvelous methods in telephony. Some such marvels are: six or seven simultaneous conversations carried on over the same wire, telegraph messages with telephone messages at the same time over the same wires, the marvelous new system of automatic switching which will eliminate the 'central' with its great number of telephone girls.

—Anent the recent popularity of certain 'cure by autosuggestion,' a sane judgment is as follows: Autosuggestion may cure sickness only when the disease or the disorder is due to abnormal functioning of the nervous system, or to the abnormal functioning of an organ, the operation of which can be influenced by suggestion through the nervous system.

—Doctors are sounding a warning against the use of caustic chemicals for the treatment of cancer. The preparations are usually had in the form of salves. A cancer expert characterizes the use of caustic chemicals as barbarous at the best, for they have been abandoned by the medical profession for electrical and other treatments. In his opinion, the most objectionable thing about the use of burning salves or pastes, especially when they are employed by quacks, is the fact that their action cannot be regulated or controlled.

—The criminal now will have to stop breathing to avoid identification for a crime committed in a closed room,—if the system worked out by the French police

proves effective. An analysis of the air in the room shortly after the crime, is supposed to show certain qualities whereby the suspected party, when caught later, may be identified.

—The germ of influenza has been isolated, according to late reports. Science may now be able to find some antitoxin.

—Is the center of the earth a molten mass? This has been the commonly accepted theory. But of late, many scientists claim that the center of the earth must be solid. In proof of this they advance several reasons. One reason states that the enormous pressure exerted by the earth's crust would make the molten state an impossibility. Another argument against the molten center theory is the weight of the earth. Various experiments place the weight of the earth at about six thousand billion billions of tons. This is more than if the earth were merely rock through and through. Hence the conclusion that the center of the earth is made up of substances heavier than the rock which forms the earth's crust. If the heavy center were a liquid, it would tend to have a tidal motion, similar to the tidal waves of the sea on the surface of the earth. But a comparatively thin crust of rock would not be able to resist such a motion of the dense center mass.

—The Mississippi River has been made to write the profile and character of its own bed. A special sounding arm is dragged by a barge along the bottom of the river. The upper end of the arm moves a special pen across the charting paper recording the deeper and shallower portions. Whether the river bed be gravel, sand, mud, rock, or full of snags, is also shown by the peculiarity of the resulting lines.

—Interlocking asphalt shingles are on the market. They may be placed directly over shingle roof without the necessity of tearing off the old shingles.

—A cure for sleeping sickness. No, not for the sleepiness that comes over one during a long and dull sermon. The sleeping sickness is peculiar to tropical Africa, and the extreme lethargy together with the weakness of the patient is the reason for its name. Formerly it was considered fatal until the great discoveries of Dr. Koch in 1907 paved the way for proper treatment. He showed that the disease was due to a small parasite injected into the blood by a fly. It was also learned by Dr. Koch that atoxyl, a derivative of arsenic, would drive the parasites from the blood of the victim and in a large measure cure the disease. Now a German scientist, Prof. Martin Mayer, announces an efficacious and permanent cure. The new preparation, discovered in a laboratory in Cologne, is said to cure in a few days without any recurrence of the disease.

—Would a bullet, shot upwards and falling to earth, kill you? As a result of late tests with standard army bullets the claim is made that the falling bullet could not inflict even a wound on a man's head incased in any

fairly firm headgear. Not one of the rifle bullets tested returned to earth with power enough to bury itself more than two thirds of its length in the sand. Another striking fact is that a bullet, fired vertically, will return in the same position in which it went up. If the point was upward during the ascent, it remained upward during the descent.

—A collapsible seaplane has been invented which can be stored in a four foot hold of a submarine.

—Recent tests with the supposedly deadly Arkansas Tarantula prove that its bite produces scarcely more than a slight swelling.

—Night-flying with airplanes will make it possible to deliver mail from New York to San Francisco in thirty hours. The roof of the new Chicago Post Office has been equipped as a landing field. The latest plans of the Post Office Department call for a brilliantly lighted emergency and permanent landing fields for the mail planes. A chain of such fields across the country at intervals of twenty-five miles, is to make night-flying practical. REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

—"The Godless" is the name of a new periodical that was launched by the Moscow Reds on Christmas Day. The purpose of this godless magazine is to ridicule everything sacred and holy.

—Christmas, which in Russia is celebrated on Jan. 6, was desecrated this year at Moscow by the League of Communist Youths, which burned publicly effigies of Jesus, Moses, and Almighty God. A picture of Karl Marx has been substituted for that of Christ.

—An anti-religious seminary has been established at Moscow for the training of propagandists to undermine the faith of the Russians, who are a religious people.

—At a meeting of the Altar and Rosary Societies of St. Philomena parish, Denver, a committee of sixty persons formed a plan for filling their parish church with daily attendance at Mass during Lent. Let every parish in the land inaugurate a similar movement next year.

—Rev. Charles J. Gudenus, S. J., once major domo at the court of Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria, died early in January as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Toledo, O. Bishop Stritch celebrated a Pontifical Requiem at the funeral.

—Sister Raphael, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, a noted physician, died at Kalamazoo, Mich., in January.

—Mr. Joshua Brady, a convert to the Faith, formerly professional cartoonist on *Judge*, *Puck*, and other papers, is now studying theology with the intention of entering the priesthood. Mr. Brady's stepfather is a minister of the Episcopal Church with a charge at Pittsburg, Kan., while a brother holds the pastorate of an Episcopal church at Denver.

—Mr. George L. Hagan, of St. Augustine, Ill., recently presented to the museum at Notre Dame University a set of Mass vestments—chasuble, stole, manipule, veil, and burse—that were made more than one hundred years ago by a girl of fourteen at Bardstown,

Ky. This girl was Elizabeth Tucker, and she made the vestments in 1820 for Father Butler, a missionary who used to say Mass in her father's house. It is interesting to learn that the goods for these vestments were taken from an old dress that was brought to this country by a French woman who came over with Lord Baltimore. Elizabeth Tucker, who subsequently married Francis Robey, removed with her husband to St. Augustine, Ill., in 1830. Here they reared six children, but the family is now extinct, for the only survivor, a granddaughter, died last year at the age of fifty-six. It was the wish of this granddaughter that the vestments be given to Notre Dame.

—Rev. Joseph Scherer, C. S. C., died of pneumonia at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Ind., on Feb. 8th. Father Scherer, who would have been 73 in July, was ordained in June 1880 and had been pastor of St. Mary's Church, South Bend, since 1904. Among other relatives that he left to mourn his loss was an aged mother 96 years of age who lives at Portsmouth, O.

—Shortly before his death, which occurred on Feb. 4, Rt. Rev. C. J. O'Reilly, D. D., Bishop of Lincoln, Nebr., prepared for the flock that was committed to his care a Lenten pastoral on "The Catholic Wife and Mother." Bishop O'Reilly, who was known as a missionary bishop, died a poor man. His private property is estimated at about \$9,000, of which amount \$500 had been set aside for Masses, \$5,000 for a scholarship to the priesthood, and the balance was to be turned over to his successors as a nucleus for a Catholic high school for Lincoln.

—Most Rev. Ernesto Philippi, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, who was so unceremoniously expelled from Mexico by President Obregon, passed through the United States on his way back to Rome. Upon receiving news of the expulsion, Very Rev. Eugene Spiess, O.S.B., Vicar General of Corpus Christi, Texas, hastened to the Mexican border line, where he met the retiring Apostolic Delegate, whom he accompanied to Washington.

—Rev. Edward Burgert, O. S. B., Ph. D., became prior of New Subiaco Abbey, Arkansas, recently. Dr. Burgert succeeds the late lamented Very Rev. Augustine Stocker, O. S. B., S. T. D., who died several months ago.

#### EUCCHARISTIC

—The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York City, have just completed a beautiful altar throne, which, together with two side altars, was consecrated by Archbishop Hayes on January 20th.

—The Eucharistic Congress held at Harlem, Amsterdam, from Oct. 19-22, 1922 was a grand success. All readings, discourses, and meetings were well attended. The confessionals were literally stormed, and innumerable Holy Communion were distributed.

—The Eucharistic Congress in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, held last October, surpassed all expectation. 13,000 children received Holy Communion. The procession held at the close of the Congress presented a spectacle never

before witnessed in the capital. About 150,000 people participated in the procession; many church dignitaries, 400 priests, a large number of senators, delegates, public officials, societies and schools. From 300 to 400 thousand spectators flanked the sides of the processionary route. Among those who were moved by the magnificent spectacle was a Protestant minister who was converted. It is reported that there were also other converts.

### Benedictine Chronicle

REV. DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

ROME:—The Oriental Pontifical Institute, founded by the late Pope, Benedict XV, has just been transferred to a more central locality, that of the Biblical Institute which is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. The former location was *extra muros*—without the walls—and under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Lord Dom Schuster, Abbot of St. Paul's. The Cardinal Secretary of State wrote Abbot Schuster a letter praising his wisdom of direction for the last few years.

HOLLAND:—The past year has seen a glorious tradition of the Benedictines renewed at Egmond. The Abbot of St. Paul Abbey, Oosterhout, blessed a large cross at "St. Adelbert put," a venerable place situated on the banks of the Northern Sea in Kennemerland north of Alkamaar. It was at this place that St. Adelbert, St. Willibrord, and their companions came to preach the Gospel in the Netherlands. "St. Adelbert put" is at present a place of pilgrimage. Under the protection of the Bishop of Haarlem, in which diocese the "put" is situated, a committee has been appointed to consider the establishment of a Benedictine Abbey there. God will surely not abandon such a worthy project. May Catholic Holland soon have the joy of seeing its national tradition restored in the third Abbey of St. Adelbert of Egmond.

FRANCE:—The Cistercians, a branch of the Benedictine Order, commonly known as Trappists, held on Nov. 13, 1922, a general chapter of all their Abbots at Cîteaux. They convened for the purpose of electing an Abbot General in place of Bishop Marre who resigned on account of poor health. Dom Allitrant, Abbot of Melleray Abbey, was chosen General and also Abbot of Cîteaux, a title that is held in common with the generalship. The present General entered Melleray Abbey in 1884; he was elected Abbot of his own monastery in 1919.

"Under the Uniform and Under the Monastic Garb" is a good biography of the late Prior of St. Mary's Paris, Dom Antoine du Bourg, O. S. B., (1838-1918). Prior du Bourg was a literateur and historian who wrote voluminously. He is especially famous for his fine treatment of the lives of St. Odo, Abbot of Cluny, and of Mabillon, written for the tercentenary of this erudite preacher of great valor.

The papers have given an account of the Gregorian Congress held at Paris in the old monastic church of St. Germain des Près on Dec. 6, 7, 8, 1922. His Emi-

nence Cardinal Dubois presided and His Lordship, Dom Cabrol, Abbot of Farnborough, directed the Congress. The great liturgist gave an opening speech on the "Chant in the Liturgy." On the feast of the Immaculate Conception he celebrated a Pontifical High Mass at St. Mary's Church. Dom Mocquereau, of Quarr Abbey, in the course of the Congress gave a conference, accompanied with projections on the screen, entitled: "The Rhythmic Tradition in the Manuscripts." Dom Maurus Sablayrolles, of Encalcat Abbey, was in charge of the different choirs. Rt. Rev. Dom Cabrol received a congratulatory telegram from Cardinal Gasparri in the name of the Holy Father.

ENGLAND:—The Rt. Rev. Abbot Cuthbert Butler, O. S. B., has just issued his "Western Mysticism" (Constable & Co., London). These pages treat in a true "Butler manner" the neglected chapters in the history of religion. They elucidate the teachings of Saints Augustine and Bernard on contemplation and on the contemplative life. Abbot Butler is presently occupied in writing a biography of the late Benedictine Bishop Ullathorne.

Dom Savinian Louismet, O. S. B., has given to the public through Kenedy and Sons his work, "The Mystery of Jesus." The ascetic Benedictine thus hands to his previous readers the fifth volume of the series, "Mystical Knowledge of God." In the present work Dom Louismet here and there, though sparingly, gives free rein to his own feelings on so entrancing a subject. At times he also draws upon the mystical experience of others of whom he had been the confidant, or even in a way, the happy witness.

The "Review of Liturgical Life and Acts," since the death of Dom Besse, O. S. B., has passed to the editorship of the able Abbot of Farnborough, Hants, England. The Review is under the protection of the Abbots of the French Congregation of Benedictines, who lend their inspired pens to its columns.

Another work from the pen of the late Dom Besse, "The Benedictine Mystics from the Origin of the Order to the Twelfth Century," contributes the sixth of the "Pax Collection." This is the second time that Dom Besse has touched on the subject; in 1917 he published "Biblical Mysticism." The principal mystics, of whom the author treats, include Saints Benedict, Gregory the Great, the Abbots of Cluny, Saints Gertrude, Mechtilde, Anselm, Bernard, Hildegard, and Elizabeth of Schoenau. Dom Castel, who, after the death of Dom Besse, revived and completed the manuscript, tells emotionally in the preface all that this work represents in the writings of Dom Besse.

F. A. Forbes is the author of "Saint Benedict" (Burns & Oates, London). In this charming little illustrated volume the author has closely followed the "Dialogues" of St. Gregory the Great, telling in a pleasant manner all his available information. The sweet figure of St. Scholastica is well drawn. Mr. Forbes draws from other sources less serious when he describes the departure of the two favorite disciples,

Saints Maurus and Placidus, the former to Gaul, the latter to Sicily where he plucked the palm of martyrdom. (The author should have mentioned that such details are not altogether reliable.) One would also like to find a more complete sketch of the Rule and the spiritual doctrine that Benedict, the "Blessed of the Lord," has left to his sons.

Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte, O. S. B., resigned (1921) Abbot of Solesmes, has issued two volumes on the "Gospel of Our Lord, the Son of God." Under its simple form and without embellishments, the mastership of the eminent doctor, who has given us "The Life of Abbot Guéranger" (1806-75), and the Commentary on the Benedictine Rule, betrays itself. Although written only for the novices of Solesmes, many others seek invitation to the banquet of his works.

Jean Virey is the author of "The Abbey of Cluny" (108 pages, 40 engravings). This little book, written with talent and illustrated with taste, completes the voluminous works published on the Abbey of Cluny on the occasion of its thousandth anniversary (910-1910). All the happenings in the history of religious art in Burgundy are passed in review.

A new edition of "The Genius of the Roman Rite," by Edmund Bishop, has been edited by Dom Andrew Wilmart, O. S. B., of St. Michael's Abbey, Farnborough, England. The great English historian, Bishop, who died in 1917, has already taken place among the great liturgists he has extolled, Mabillon and Tommasi. It remained for an intimate friend of the author to present to us again these pages. The erudite Benedictine has clarified them by means of divisions and titles glossed "con amore" by series of precious notes which permit us to follow the thoughts of the master to see the theological plan which comprises the Roman Missal. Of the hundred pages comprising this elegant and light volume, it is right to state: "Non numerentur, sed ponderentur"—they are not to be counted, but to be weighed or considered.

Rt. Rev. Abbot Emmanuel, O. S. B., of the Abbey of Holy Hope, Olivetan Congregation, has published a translation of the "Exercises of St. Gertrude the Great."

"St. Gregory the Great and the Contemplative Life," by Dom Dodeillat, O. S. B., is a reading that adapts itself to the spiritual needs of all Christians. It is not possible to give this work an attentive reading without feeling an attraction for the life in God and for God.

"Essay on Benedictine Discretion," by Dom Hébrard, O. S. B. Discretion is an eminent characteristic of the Benedictine Rule. The world is a place of trial where this virtue is absent. The essay of Dom Hébrard initiates us into all the charms of its nature and the utility of its action.

Bishop Laurent Janssens, O. S. B., consultant of the Congregation of the Index, and of the Bishops and Regulars, and Secretary of the Biblical Commission, has published a large work entitled, "In the Land of

the Messiah." In this domain as in any other the author reveals his masterly science. A great number of the graphic drawings contained in this volume are from the Bishop's own pen.

"The Book of Saints," an extraction from the Roman and other martyrologies, is a dictionary of the servants of God canonized by the Church. It was compiled by the Benedictine monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, England. This collection contains more than 5000 names and is printed in fine characters. It is a handy manual for references that is here offered to the English public.

BELGIUM:—Dom Idesbald Van Houtrynne, of Louvain Abbey, an ascetic writer, has given us a second edition of his exquisite volume, "Life in Peace." The form is rich as is also the tone, reminding one of the "Imitation," and its scriptural savor is very pronounced. It is a work of the first order and bears the hall mark of intense sincerity, for it was prayed and lived before it appeared in print.

Rt. Rev. Abbot Malet, of "Mary in the Desert" Abbey, Westmalle, Belgium, has just published his "Cistercian Liturgy." In this pamphlet the author traces in a masterly manner the liturgy of the Cistercian monks, its origin, constitution, transformation, restoration.

The "Journal of a Convert" contains the edifying relation of the conversion of a Dutch agnostic who was baptized at Paris sometime before the war. He was attracted to the true Church by the reading of Abbot Guéranger's "Liturgical Year" under the guidance of the Benedictines of the Rue Monsieur, Paris. The author and convert, Peter Van der Meer de Walcheren, seems to have followed the same process of thought and study as J. K. Huysmans and Johannes Joergensen, seeking peace amidst the complications of modern life with its doubts, hesitations, and anguish. The epilogue was written at the Benedictine Abbey of Oosterhout, in Holland. The author sojourned there for two years, tasting amid its silent portals how refreshing is the spirit of the Order whose motto is that one unique word: "Pax" (Peace).

Abbot Benedict Maréchaux, O. S. B., has given us "The Gifts of the Holy Ghost." The author examines the testimonies relative to the extraordinary facts in the primitive literature, the epistles of St. Paul, the Acts of the Apostles, the Apocalypse; then the writings of those that came after the Apostles, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, the passing of Sts. Perpetua and Felicitas. It is a wise and prudent study that we have from the hands of this great abbot.

"The Investing in the Benedictine Order" has just been published for Benedictine Oblates by its author, Dom Paul Chauvin. This little volume can take its place beside "The Ideal of the Monastic Life," by Dom Morin. It consists of six chapters ranged under three subjects: the institution, the Legislator, the Rule.

GERMANY:—The Benedictine Beuronese School of Art (Continued on page 349)





AGNES BROWN HERING

**M**Y DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Do you like March? If not, why not? Does March mean a time of storms, and wild, windy weather to you, or does it mean a time of eager anticipation of lovely spring? It is all in the way we look at it, isn't it? William Cullen Bryant says,

"The stormy March is come at last,  
With wind and cloud and changing skies;  
I hear the rushing of the blast,  
That through the snowy valley flies."

Helen Hunt has a more cheerful view of March, and says,

"Ah March, we know thou art,  
Kind-hearted spite of ugly looks and threats,  
And out of sight, art nursing April's violets!"

Whether we like March or whether we do not like it, depends wholly upon us. You remember that I told you once before that

"It is not just as we take it,  
This mystical world of ours,  
Life's field will yield as we make it,  
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

March gives us several feast days which are very important. There is St. Thomas Aquinas on the 7th who was born at Aquino, in Italy, A. D., 1226. At the age of nineteen he entered the Order of St. Dominic. His mother and brothers did not approve of this. His brothers put him in prison for two years. His mother and sisters tried to persuade him to leave his vocation. His brothers tried to entrap him into sin. He snatched from the hearth a burning brand and drove from the chamber the wretched creature that was to be his downfall. The saint then marked a cross upon the wall and knelt to pray. God sent an angel to gird him with a cord as a gift of perpetual chastity. The pain caused by the girdle was so great that St. Thomas cried out. He never told anyone until just before his death when he confided the matter to Father Raynald. This was the origin of the society known as "Angelic Warfare." St. Thomas studied under Blessed Albert the Great, and for many years taught theology and philosophy in Paris. Once a miraculous crucifix uttered these words to him, "Well hast thou written concerning me, Thomas. What shall I give thee as a reward?" He replied, "Naught save Thyself, O Lord." He died in 1274.

The feast of St. Joseph occurs on the 19th. St. Joseph, the foster-father of Our Blessed Lord is familiar to all, I am sure.

The feast of St. Benedict occurs on the 21st. Not long ago there appeared in the "Corner" a continued story, or rather an account of the life of St. Benedict.

Palm Sunday, the last Sunday of March, followed by Holy Thursday and Good Friday, are so important that all the Boys and Girls do not need to be reminded of them. Fortunate indeed are you who live close to the church where these days are properly observed.

With Holy Saturday, the last day of March ends the Holy Season of Lent. A happy and holy Easter to you all.

### Rainy Days

When rainy days come manufacture your own sun-

shine. If you must wear an old dress because of the weather, put on a pretty collar, a ribbon, or a flower. Bring out your brightest smile and pleasantest manner.

### Hope

"Sunshine," runs an olden proverb  
"Will through hole the smallest creep;  
So the rays of hope do enter  
Hearts that lie in gloom most deep."

Ay, in blessed sooth hope findeth  
Entrance where naught else can come;  
When all other music faileth  
Its sweet voice is never dumb.

Let that brightness chase thy shadows;  
Let that music charm thy fear;  
There shall dawn a fairer morrow,  
Leaden skies shall disappear.

"While I live I hope," as truly  
"While I hope I live," believe;  
Know that hope comes not to mock thee—  
Heaven, its source, doth not deceive.

### Our Blessed Lady and the First Communicants (Contributed)

Rejoice, dear children, rejoice in the Lord, for the day is near when the Lord of Hosts shall come into your hearts. The day of your First Holy Communion is the greatest day of your life. May it be a most blissful and happy day for you! Soon the happy hour will arrive when the priest will hold in his hands the Savior of the world concealed in the little host, and with the words—"Behold the Lamb of God"—he will show you the Sacred Host and then reach it to you for the first time. You will receive God Himself. God the Almighty, the author of life, who created all things, cannot give you more than Himself. Oh truth incomprehensible! God the Holy One comes to take up His abode in the hearts of His poor creatures; the Lord of infinite majesty comes to visit His children. Although you are animated with an ardent desire to come to Him, perhaps you tremble and would rather flee at the thought of His divine greatness. You tremble at this thought, yet even the angels tremble in God's presence. It is wholesome for you that your hearts be filled with fear, but with a holy fear combined with humility and reverence in the presence of God. Do not turn away nor flee from your Savior who invites especially the little ones to come unto Him. He comes to you with infinite love and wishes to be received with love. This is all that He demands of you. If you could only comprehend that indescribable love with which the heart of Jesus beats for you and the infinite love with which He, the Friend of little children, stands in your midst on the day of your first Holy Communion to enter your hearts, then, dear children, your hearts also would beat with unspeakable love towards Him. If you could understand that great desire with which Jesus longs after the moment of your first Holy Communion, then you would

spare no pains in preparing your hearts to receive Him worthily.

There is no means by which you can be made the friends of Jesus more easily than through a tender devotion to Our Blessed Lady. "Every act of homage towards her is an act of love towards God," says Father Faber. Give your whole being, your hearts with their every beat, to Mary your heavenly Mother. Ask her to intercede for you so that your hearts may become a worthy dwelling place for her Divine Son. "Mary is the shortest way to Jesus," says Father Faber. To invoke her intercession that you may be well prepared to receive Jesus into your hearts you might make use of the following prayer: "Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary, that never was it heard that anyone who implored thy help has been forsaken. Animated with this confidence, I come to thee, O Mother of Our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I shall soon receive in the Holy Eucharist, to ask of thee the grace to prepare myself worthily for Him. To thee, dear Mother, I consecrate my heart, cleanse and purify it and help me to adorn it as a fitting abode for my Lord and Savior. O Mary, assist me now and in the hour of my first Holy Communion. Amen."

Be assured, dear children, Mary will not forsake you. It is a pleasure for her to help little children to prepare in their hearts a dwelling place for her Son, whom she once saw lying in the cold manger, and also on the cruel cross. The more fervent your love and devotion to Mary, the better will be your preparation. When the desired moment has come for you to approach the holy table, whisper from the bottom of your hearts to Mary: "O Mother, please lead me to the Table of Grace." Like those mothers in the Gospel, who brought their children to Jesus that He might bless them, Mary, you heavenly Mother will lead you to her Son. Oh blissful moment! Surely Jesus will embrace you with His most tender love, for it is His delight to come to those children who love Mary His sweet Mother, and who are brought to Him by her.

### Nothing but Leaves

Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life;  
Sin committed while conscience slept,  
Promises made but never kept,  
Hatred, battle, and strife;  
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves  
Of life's fair, ripened grain;  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;  
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;  
We reap with toil and pain  
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves  
No veil to screen the past;  
As we retrace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day—  
We find, sadly, at last,  
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,  
Bearing our withered leaves?  
The Savior looks for perfect fruit,—  
We stand before him, humbled, mute;  
Waiting the words he breathes,—  
"Nothing but leaves?" —Anonymous.

I pray Him whisper, low and sweet,  
To help me guide my wayward feet,  
Lest I forget my prayer to meet,  
David Cory.

### Winning the Grand Gold Medal

(A narrative of fact)

As a mere child I had a desire to appear upon the stage. I do not mean the stage as spoken of in connection with the theater; neither do I refer to the movies, for I had never heard of moving pictures except those produced by the magic lantern, and these moved only as the magician handled the slides.

To tell the simple truth, I liked to speak pieces. No one was ever called upon in those days to give a reading, nor would one have understood what was required had he been asked. To speak a piece at a school exhibition, a picnic, a Fourth of July celebration, or a religious gathering, was the height of every child's ambition. When I was six years old, I spoke my first piece. It was about a maid, with spectacles, a kerchief, and a bunch of keys that "jingle as I walk." If I remember correctly, I wore a cap, "because I must, for fear the dust would settle in my hair."

As I grew older, opportunities presented themselves now and then, and I frequently appeared upon the public platform. My voice carried well, and I could be plainly heard. I received the usual number of compliments which friends and admiring relatives generally hand out upon occasions of this kind. "My, you're a fine speaker." "That was a pretty piece." "Speak your piece again, won't you?"

About the time I entered the intermediate room in the town school, the custom of having rhetoricals once a month was established. Once a month for nearly eight years, I had an opportunity to appear upon the platform. My schoolmates and friends never failed to tell me that I was "an awful good speaker," and I felt assured that I was. I can see myself now, as I stood upon the platform and spoke, "John Maynard," in a high pitched voice, without a gesture, without a change in facial expression, and without a change in tone. How inspiring it must have been. A part of the time I looked out of the window; a part of the time I looked at the audience; a part of the time I looked at the ceiling. The applause was generous, and before another day had dawned, I was busy learning a new piece to speak the next month.

When certain of my schoolmates took lessons in Expression, I felt that fate was unkind to me that I should be denied the privilege. However, the opportunity came. It was after I had finished high school, and when I was teaching my first term of school. The president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union wished to have a silver medal contest. She wished to find six young ladies who would learn temperance readings and contest for a silver medal. Would I take part? Would I? Well, I guess I would! Wasn't this the sort of thing I liked better than anything else in the world?

A young lady, who had won two medals in this work, was asked to train the class. With her help, I selected an oratorical reading, "Infirm of Purpose, Give me the Daggers." You see, I was going in armed to fight to a finish. I practiced every day, and almost every hour of the day. The memory work became mechanical, and I could recite like a phonograph record. The other contestants were about my age. Some had received previous training along this line, and for this reason my hope of winning was slight. It was enough to be in the contest, to sit upon the platform, and to recite before a sea of upturned faces.

The night of the contest arrived. One after another, the speakers were called upon. The selections were varied, and each brought forth generous applause. I was number six, the last to appear. Having listened to the preceding numbers and having become more eager with each, I was ready to battle.

When the decision of the judges was rendered, and my name was called, I could scarcely believe my ears. The president said, "It gives me pleasure to pin this beautiful silver medal upon your breast, and I hope you will continue in this work until you have won the gold, the grand gold, and the diamond, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of presenting each of them to you."

This was my first public victory. I did not belong to the "four hundred" like the rest of the class, and I had not been socially prominent. If any of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower, no one knew it. "I was betting on you." "Oh, I wish my daughter had a voice like that." "I knew you'd get the medal." These and similar compliments were showered upon me.

Not long afterward I had an opportunity to take lessons in expression from a Chicago teacher, and I took training on a temperance selection that I might be ready to enter the gold medal class. The following year, I received notice to be ready at a certain time and place. When the decision of the judges was rendered, I was a winner as on the previous occasion, and I received the usual number of compliments.

To get ready for the grand gold medal, was the next step. To be sure I did not need to work as hard as on the two previous occasions. Was I not a winner? Just think of it, I had won two medals the first time that I had tried for each. This time I selected "The Defense of the Drunkard" as well suited to the occasion. The night of the contest I sat in my place upon the platform with all the assurance of the victor, and when my number was called, I defended the drunkard for thirteen minutes. It was, for the greater part, a word battle, for I employed very few gestures. I sat down confident that I was the best number on the program and waited impatiently for the poorer speakers to finish, that I might rise and claim the honor which belonged to me. But alas for the conceit which puffs up a man, but which does not prop him up! Neither my name nor my number was called. At first I was so dazed that I could scarcely believe what I heard. And to think that they gave it to this girl! I had really paid no attention to her selection, because it was so inferior. When I finally descended from the platform, I was told that I did fine. "Thanks, very much. This is my last contest. When judges are so unfair what is the use of wasting one's time?"

Time heals the deepest wounds, and I was urged to try again. I learned a new selection, and practiced faithfully, hoping for better results, because there would be a new set of judges, who no doubt would be less unfair. "The Volunteer Organist" was the piece chosen. It possessed literary merit, and my teacher said I had it well worked up.

The second trial arrived. I was matched against contestants who had been in this work much longer than I, and whose training was much more extensive. A manly looking lad gave "Pictures From Life." A young lady rendered "The Maniac's Wife," and there were other selections which I do not remember. The judges tied the two speakers I mentioned and gave me the encouraging information that I was only the fraction of a point behind the winner. I replied crisply, "Thanks. I am used to that."

I was told that the winners had been fighting for some time for this medal. The contest was to be repeated the following night in another town, and I could not well refuse to take my place. That night, the judges decided in favor of a gentleman. This made three defeats for me, and after the third time I was hit, I tumbled.

I began to analyze the matter. It looked as if there were others besides myself who had had training along this line, and possibly much more practice. I had heard

of one girl who had tried thirteen times before she had won the silver medal. Others with whom I talked had tried many times for each. In this work, I had to contest against those who were taking training in college, others who had private teachers, and against many who had much more experience in public speaking. Gradually, as I looked the matter squarely in the face, my mental attitude changed. I decided to go into the contest work for the good I might be able to do by giving temperance readings. I organized classes of children and trained them to enter silver medal contests. I trained several pupils for the gold medal, and even helped one young lady who was in the diamond medal contest. When the opportunity presented, I took more lessons, and when I contested the fourth time for the grand gold medal, I won it.

I contested four times for the diamond medal before I received it, and my mental attitude toward the contest work was much different from what it had been in previous contests.

The defeat with which I met, and the lesson I learned thereby was the turning point for me. Suppose I had not met with defeat. Think of what an egotistical, conceited, selfish, big-headed creature I might have become. As it was, I learned to sympathize with others.

The grandest lesson I learned was this: to take defeat gracefully, and use it as a stepping-stone to higher aims. In the twenty years since I was defeated for the grand gold medal, I have had many disappointments, and met with many defeats, but I am never overwhelmed nor disheartened. I remember the struggle for the medals, and that preparedness and keeping everlastingly at it will bring success every time.

### Mother

Never a sigh for the cares that she bore for me,  
Never a thought of the joys that flew by;  
Her one regret that she couldn't do more for me.  
Thoughtless and selfish, her Master was I.  
Oh, the long nights that she came at my call to me!  
Oh, the soft touch of her hands on my brow!  
Oh, the long years that she gave up her all to me!  
Oh, how I yearn for her gentleness now!  
Slave to her baby! Yes, that was the way of her,  
Counting her greatest of services small;  
Words cannot tell what this old heart would say of her,  
Mother—the sweetest and fairest of all.

—Edgar A. Guest.

### Letter Box

Not many letters have been received of late. Are the Boys and Girls too busy with school work? Just a little time is all that it takes to write a bright new way letter about the place where you live, and the things which are of interest to you and which will interest your friends. The editor should like to hear from the Zulu members again.

Elizabeth Zapic, 1231 So. 12 St., Omaha, Nebr., writes that she has made some dear friends through the Corner. She goes to St. Wenceslaus school and will finish the eighth grade in the spring. She takes violin lessons. She would like more correspondents.

Felicia H. Barranco, 1304 Liberty St., New Orleans, La., writes that she derives a great deal of pleasure from reading the Grail. She corresponds with some of the Cornerites but wishes to write to others. She says, "I live in the old new city at the gateway of the great Valley with its riot of romance and reminiscence. Much has been said and written about New Orleans,



but to know the quaint old city, one must see it. Here is where we have the sunny skies and summer time, when all the north, east, and middle west are covered with their mantle of white, and winter winds blow. This great city with its wonderful work of Spanish, French, Italian, British, and American designers, never ceases to be interesting.

"The river is often crowded with steamers and ships, moving in different directions, some coming from sea, and some going out.

"It is wonderful to see the things which God bestows upon His creatures. He satisfies the inmost soul and gives us a joy that abides forever and ever.

"I am seventeen, and at home all the time. I have plenty of time to write and should like to hear from all the boys and girls."

Florence Rose Herod, of 4506 Forsyth Avenue, East Chicago, Ind., has shown her interest in the "Corner" by sending us a story for publication.

Gladys E. Clark, a convert, who is in her second year at St. Paul's High School, San Francisco, Calif., has sent us for publication the following composition of hers in which she expresses both her gratitude to God for the gift of faith and the desire that "all the world might share" this gift with her:

#### Truth

Through chilly fag of unbelief and painful doubt  
No more I wander or my tired heart turns,  
The obscure by-ways of the streets without  
I've left to hasten to this Light that burns.

This Light of Truth by whose strong but sober rays  
I feed upon that rare and precious Food,  
The Banquet of God's Son,  
And think with longing heart of days  
Unending with Him, joys eternal as yet not begun.

I wish that all the world might share with me  
This Light of Truth that outshines glory and outlives  
all time,

This light by which I came to know and see  
My God in all His love and mercy so sublime.

Alice Power, 7th Ave., New York City, writes a little note asking to be admitted to the Corner.

This is the end of the Letter Box for this time. Seems as if we should receive a few more letters.

#### A No-account Dog

"I think we'd better send away  
This dog of ours," said Farmer Gray:  
He's really of no earthly use;  
He brings in dirt, and scatters loose  
Hairs on our clothes and furniture—  
(Down, Zippo, down! Down, sir! Down, sir!)—  
He really isn't worth his keep;  
He's certain sure no good for sheep!

No watchdog he, for not a bark  
He gives at footsteps in the dark.  
He ain't no earthly good now,  
Though kind and gentle, I'll allow."  
But wise old grandma shook her head:  
"He's very good to love," she said.

But Farmer Gray was obdurate;  
The cost of living was so great  
It was decreed the dog should go,  
And little did the farmer know  
That he was planning thus to send  
Forth from his home the truest friend.

"Oh, where is Willie? Where is he?"

Cried everyone distractedly,  
And searched in vain, below, upstairs—  
Then out the house they rushed to where—  
O horrors!—their sweet three-year-old,  
His garments clutched in Zippo's hold,  
Hung o'er the well-curb in such way  
The curb bent with his body's sway,  
And had not watchful Zippo been  
On guard, he would have plunged within!

Oh, oh, the praise the good dog had  
From everyone, all were so glad  
That Baby Willie had been found  
Without a bruise, but safe and sound!  
"Well, Zippo," then said Farmer Gray,  
"I calculate you'll have to stay!"—  
Giving the dog a kind caress,  
Whose eyes were raised in gratefulness:  
And grandma stroked his rough, brown head:  
"I'm sure you're worth our love," she said.

—Louella C. Poole in *Our Dumb Animals*.

#### The Timid Hunter

He met a lion upon the stair,  
And taking a skillful aim,  
He fired his gun with a fearful "Bang!"  
And felled the noble game.

Then a little brown mouse came creeping out  
To seek for his food that day.  
He met the hunter strolling about  
And each of them ran away!

That a hunter of lions could fear a mouse  
I never should dream, should you?  
But the lion was only a make-believe,  
And the wee brown mouse was true!

Hannah G. Fernald.

#### Getting up

Ho, hum! Oh, gee, got to get up again!  
It's gettin' so a boy can't get no rest.  
You just get nicely settled sleepin' when  
Ma says it's time that you was up and  
dressed.

Ho, hum! when I'm growed up, I'm go'n' a go  
A-voyagin' across the briny deep,  
'Way, 'way up North an' be an Eskimo—  
Where night is six months long—an' sleep,  
an' sleep! D. F.

#### Benediction

"I'd love to go to Heaven,"  
Said a little lad one day,  
Who came to talk to mother,  
All tired of fun and play.

'Twas on Thursday ev'ning,  
So mother wisely said,  
"I'll take my little son to Church  
Before he goes to bed."

The two at seven-thirty,  
Through churchyard made their way,  
To where God gives His Blessing  
To all at close of day.

The little lad felt happy.  
When leaving Church, said he,  
"I can't yet go to Heaven,  
So God comes down to me."

S. M. T., O. S. B.



### Exchange Smiles

"Willie," said his mother, "I wish you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning."

"Yes," replied Willie, and a few minutes later he returned and reported, "Mrs. Brown says it's none of your business how old she is."

Marjory: "Mamma, were you at home when I was born?"

Mother: "No darling, I was at grandma's in the country."

Marjory: "Wasn't you awfully surprised when you heard about it?"

"Pa, why do they say in the market reports that wheat is nervous?"

"I guess, son, it is because it expects to be thrashed."

The professor was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," came the answer.

"Very true. Is the can an animate or an inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me how, with this tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his right hand.

"Well, Tommy?"

"Tie it to a dog's tail!"

Bishop Hoss said at a Nashville picnic:

"The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eve."

"So you attend Sunday-school regularly?" the minister said to little Eve.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And you know your Bible?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Could you perhaps tell me something that is in it?"

"I could tell you everything that's in it."

"Indeed." And the minister smiled. "Do tell me, then."

"Sister's beau's photo is in it," said little Eve, promptly, "and ma's recipe for vanishin' cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it."

Young Lady—Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?

Little Boy—Naw! Dey made me wash me face an' when I went home de dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me.

Teacher: What happened to Babylon?

Student: It fell.

Teacher: And what happened to Niniveh?

Students: Destroyed.

Teacher: And to Tyre?

Clever Student: Punctured.

### Benedictine Chronicle

(Continued from page 344)

has once again seen its principles and artistic canons eulogized in a recent work, "Beuron Kunst," by Rev. Joseph Kreitmaier, S. J., a work issued by Herder at Freiburg. The present work contains thirty-seven re-

productions of paintings and sculptures of this school—many new ones that are not included in "Aus dem Leben des heil. Benedict" (Freiburg, 1883), and a rare photo of a portrait from the brush of Maurice Denis, representing the founder of the Beuron Kunst, R. P. von Lenz, O. S. B., with his two disciples, Dom Willibrord Verkade, O. S. B., and Dom Adalbert Gresnicht, O. S. B.

The "Jahrbuch fuer Liturgiewissenschaft" by Dr. Odo Casel, O. S. B., of Maria Laach Abbey, is an annual for the advancement of liturgical studies. The present annual contains 703 notices, often accompanied by descriptive remarks on liturgical books, articles, etc., published from 1914 to 1921. — These bibliographical notes, well classed and accompanied by an index, will be of great assistance to those who occupy themselves with liturgy, historical or practical, or liturgical art or sacred chant.

### Gleanings From the Harvest Field

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

—India is showing a splendid attitude toward the wishes of the Holy Father regarding the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. The Mission Catechism has been translated into Malorgorlani, the native language of the district, by Father S. F. Zanetti, S. J., of Mangalore. This book is being used extensively by the bishops of India, Burma, and Ceylon.

—The mission in the Malda district of Bengal, India, was started about six years ago and since that time 1500 pagans have been received into the Church. They are known as Santals.

—Bishop Le Clerc, of Upper Kassai, Belgian Congo, reports that the fifty-one priests and twenty sisters laboring in his diocese are engaged in teaching 27,000 catechumens, who will soon be added to the 120,000 Christians already in the fold.

—Father M. Chang, a native Chinese priest of the Che-Kiang Vicariate, has inaugurated a little club which he calls the Society of the Faith. The object of this society is twofold: to increase and solidify the faith of the Christians by instruction and discussion, and to urge these well-informed Catholics to become apostles themselves, and, by mingling among their pagan friends, to win new children to the fold. The meeting of the society includes a modest dinner at the mission which contributes to the general good feeling.

—Amidst the 60,000,000 Japanese there are 75,000 Catholics, or one out of every 800. They have several charitable institutions and excellent Catholic high schools for their boys and girls.

—Statistics show that the Catholics of New York outnumber any other denomination. In 1900 Protestants outnumbered Catholics by more than 400,000, but now the Catholic population is given as 1,943,730, or 34.69 per cent of the entire population. Protestants number 1,941,847, or 34.55 per cent. There are 1,643,012 Jews, or 29.23 per cent. The Greek Orthodox Church has 91,450 followers, or 1.63 per cent.

—Ireland is actively engaged in winning to the faith Liberia, the negro Free-State of Africa's west coast. Three of her sons, members of the Lyons African Mission Society, have offered their lives to the cause. Where a little over a decade ago there were no Catholics, there are now several thousand faithful, seven churches, several stations, and a large number of catechumens.

—In October last four priests were ordained in the Taikon Vicariate, Corea. This raises the number of native priests in that vineyard to twenty-six. One of the new priests was educated from a bursar contributed by a prelate of the diocese of Fort Wayne, and he at once celebrated three masses for his benefactor. Henceforth he will offer one Mass each year for the same intention.

—According to the 1922 census Russia harbors 130,000,000 people. Of these only 6,000,000 are Catholics, attended by about 2,000 priests, 6 bishops, and one archbishop. The union of the Russian with the Catholic Church never looked more auspicious than now.

—"Beautiful Molokai" is what one of the resident priests calls the leper retreat of the Pacific. Molokai is beautiful for two reasons: on account of its great natural attractions and because of the exceptional sweetness of soul displayed by the unfortunate lepers who find a retreat in its verdant depths. Many persons have marvelled at the patience and true Christian fortitude displayed by the victims of this most loathsome disease. There is hardly a Catholic among them who dies without having received the last sacraments.

### Ships of U. S. L. Equipped with Altars

E. E. MacNary, Passenger Traffic Manager of the "United States Lines," 45 Broadway, New York City, has sent us the following notice, which we gladly make public: For the benefit of the Catholic Clergy and our Catholic patrons, we wish to inform you of the accommodation provided for the celebration of Mass and administration of the Sacraments on the ships of our Lines.

With the kind cooperation of a Catholic priest, we have equipped each of our ships with a portable Altar and all its appurtenances, a Missal, a complete set of vestments, Altar Wine, large and small Altar Breads, Pyx and oil-stocks.

Before each trip the equipment is inspected by this priest, who sees that clean linens, fresh Altar Breads and Wine are on hand and everything is in order.

### Abbey and Seminary

—The feast of St. Meinrad, our patron feast, which falls on Jan. 21, could not be celebrated with a Pontifical High Mass, as is customary, because of the absence of the Rt. Rev. Abbot. Father Meinrad was privileged to offer up the solemn High Mass on this happy occasion. In the afternoon and in the evening Mr. C.E.W. Griffith, noted Shakespearean reader, entertained us with King Lear and Othello.

—Fathers Columban and Edward, and Mr. Edward Ringemann, made a trip to Chicago in January in the interest of the printing department.

—An epidemic of "flu" swept over our institution in January and the early part of February. Some of the professors and many of the students were victims. A

few of the students were either taken home or sent to the hospital for special treatment. One case in particular attracted attention. Joseph Wagner, a boy in his first year, had what specialists seemed to think was the sleeping sickness. At the end of a novena of Masses, however, the strange malady began to yield to treatment and the patient is not only greatly improved but is apparently on the road to a complete recovery.

—On Jan. 27 the State Engineer came to supervise the construction of our new highway. The work of clearing the right of way and grading is going on. The proposed highway now has the appearance of being a reality in the near future.

—Semester examinations came to a close on Feb. 3. A retreat of three days preceded the opening of the second semester.

—The annual retreat for the priests of the community began on the evening of Feb. 4 and closed after Vespers on the 9th. Rev. Valerius Nelles, O. F. M., of the St. Louis Province, conducted the spiritual exercises. The retreat for the students, under direction of the Rev. Victorin Hoffman, O. F. M., likewise of the St. Louis Province, opened on the evening of the 5th and closed on the 9th. Father Valerius conducted a retreat for the lay brothers from Feb. 10th to the 15th.

—Lent had an early beginning this year. On Ash Wednesday Father Prior blessed and distributed ashes to the community and the student body, and celebrated the Solemn High Mass. Following the counsel of St. Benedict in his rule, we are accustomed, when we go up to the altar on Ash Wednesday, to hand in our "Bona Opera." The "Bona Opera," or good works, consists of a list of several good works that each selects for practice during the season of Lent. These good works are written out and handed in to the superior for his approval and blessing.

—Feb. 14 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Rt. Rev. Fintan Mundwiler, O. S. B., second Abbot of St. Meinrad. As the 14th was Ash Wednesday the annual anniversary requiem was postponed to the following day.

—Winter weather was reserved for February, which offered us cold winds, frozen ground, and an occasional flurry of snow. Perhaps the ground hog saw his shadow on Candlemas Day.

—Rev. Francis Guessen, class of '04, for some years pastor at Gregory, S. D., where he did very good work, has been transferred to Fort Pierre.

—Rev. John F. Kramer, class of '17, has been appointed to the pastorate of Sacred Heart Church, Larned, Kansas.

### Book Notices

"The Palace Beautiful," or the Spiritual Temple of God, by the Rev. Frederick A. Houck, 1120 Horace Street, Toledo, Ohio, price \$1.50, is a book that describes the soul of man as the dwelling place of the Holy Spirit. The task of developing the latent powers and infused virtues of the soul is likened to an architect and builder. That the soul may be pleasing to God it must be adorned with faith, hope, and charity. Christ is the pattern after which the soul is to be modeled. A careful perusal of "The Palace Beautiful" will prove a source of joy and delight as well as of profit.

"Wings of Youth," a new book of verse by Miss Nancy Buckley, of 1985 Grove Street, San Francisco, Cal., writer of short stories and lyrics, is announced. From the general excellence of Miss Buckley's poems, of which specimens appear regularly in THE GRAIL, our readers will know what quality of verse to look for in the forthcoming volume.

## CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN

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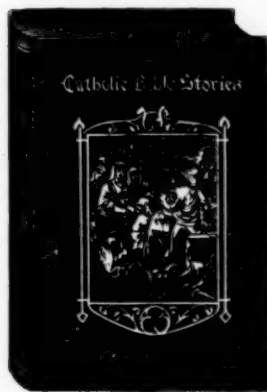
The author wishes to impress upon the young girls that virtue and piety are not inconsistent with the enjoyment of life, that they are not incompatible with mirth and high spirits, with sport and recreation; in fine, with a moderate participation in harmless amusement.

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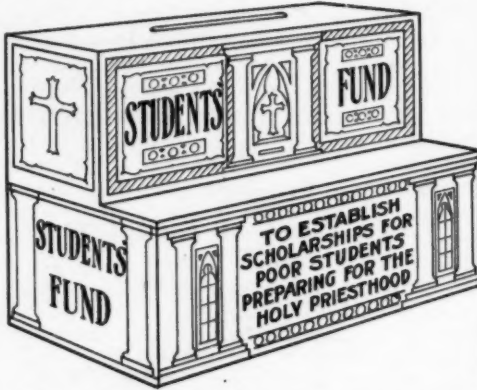


## The Abbey Press

Book Dept.

St. Meinrad, Ind.

# FOR YOUR LENTEN CHARITY



Self-denial and charity constitute the essence of Lenten observance. As many can not perform the prescribed fasting and abstinence they must

compensate for it in some other manner. Almsgiving is most meritorious, and a favorite form of charity with many is the helping of poor boys preparing for the Holy Priesthood.

Let us send you a Mite box. The pennies and small amounts, representing your mortifications and self-denials, deposited in it will be used towards scholarships for the education of poor, but deserving students preparing for the Holy Priesthood. You will never miss these humble pennies, but just these little sums, coming from many sources have an astonishing way of forming large amounts with which great good can be accomplished.

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**Benedictine Fathers**

Attention Rev. Edw. Berheide, O. S. B.

St. Meinrad, Indiana

## Pope Sends Special Blessing To All Assisting in Work of Catholic Press Month

Rome, Feb. 16, 1923

Monsignor Walsh,

Bishop of Portland,

Washington, D. C.

Holy Father most gratified, congratulates the Hierarchy and editors of Catholic Press for devoting the month to diffuse among people knowledge of life and spirit of St. Francis de Sales, recently declared patron of the Press. His Holiness augurs a still greater success to the Press in its endeavors for faith and fatherland. He willingly accords a special blessing to the editors of each paper and apostolic benediction to all supporters of the Catholic Press in the United States.

Card. Gasparri.

Not the least among the requirements for a strong and influential Catholic Press are the mechanical requirements in the way of machinery and adequate floor space and building equipment. In the way of building equipment we are greatly handicapped and find the necessity of a new printing office becoming daily more and more urgent. Since the proceeds of our magazines are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood we do not feel justified in appropriating any of this money for building purposes. We, therefore, take the liberty of appealing to your charity for a donation towards our building fund for a new printing office.

Almsgiving is most meritorious and an approved substitute for fasting during Lent, when fasting and other mortifications are impossible. And, since the Holy Father has granted the Apostolic Benediction to all supporters of the Catholic Press we trust that we may receive your donation towards our Building Fund. All amounts, no matter how small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged, and a little remembrance will be sent to each contributor.

**Benedictine Fathers**

Attention Rev. Edw. Berheide, O. S. B.

St. Meinrad, Indiana



